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OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS, *Manufactures, &c.*

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IV. OCTOBER 1, 1817. No. XXII.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

Inamorator's *Epistle has been submitted to Mr. Sagephiz, who is of opinion that, as love is proverbially ingenious, if his correspondent's passion is not capable of suggesting the means of surmounting the difficulty in question, his case is beyond the reach of advice.*

The reference to a Plate at the head of Sentimental Travels to the South of France, *p.* 193, *is a mistake, as there will be no engraving to the Letter in our present Number.*

Some Illustrations of the Gleanings *which have been given in our late Numbers, shall appear in our next.*

The papers of A Traveller—Desmond—Constantia—*and* LL. D. *are not adapted to our Miscellany.*

We should be thankful to S. L. *for a sight of the* Narrative of a Tour *to which he alludes.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

Vol. IV. October 1, 1817. No. XXII.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 18.—A GOTHIC COTTAGE.

This building is suited to a small family, and would make a very convenient parsonage-house to a living of moderate income: it consists of a parlour, dining-room, and library; a kitchen, scullery, larder, &c. on the ground floor; and of four chambers and a dressing-room on the bed-room floor. The design is picturesque in its effect; and if executed with a judicious attention to the forms of the doors, windows, ceilings, &c. it would become a very simple and neat example of domestic Gothic architecture. It is intended that the roof should be covered with tiles, but great care should be taken that they are from some other building, and have lost the offensive glare that red tiles always possess when new, for such a colour would be fatal to the pleasing effect of the building.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

IMPROVEMENT OF CIDER AND PERRY.

It is asserted, that owing to the prevalence of rain, and the low temperature of the atmosphere during the summer months, the apples and pears will be so deficient in saccharine matter, that the expressed juice, instead of forming a vinous liquor, as that of cider and perry, will run to vinegar. In order to supply this deficiency, it is recommended to the makers of cider and perry to employ the beet-root or the parsnip, in the proportion of eight pounds of either of these roots to eight bushels of apples or pears, or to grind either with an infusion of malt. In this manner cider or perry may be made equal to any foreign wine, and very superior to the wine received from

the Cape of Good Hope. Of the beet-root there are two sorts in general use, viz. the red and white. Those who may wish to give their liquors a high colour may employ the former, but the latter certainly abounds most with saccharine matter.

REMEDY FOR ULCERATED SORE-THROAT.

Drop some good brandy on a piece of refined lump-sugar, till it has absorbed as much as it will contain, which suffer to remain in the mouth till it be gradually dissolved. Repeat the same four or five times a day, and in the course of a few days the ulcers will wholly disappear.

BURNS AND SCALDS.

A medical writer in one of the Bath papers, in speaking of the best remedies for burns and scalds, which are to be procured instantly in most houses, states, that oil of turpentine is an excellent application; but this is not always at hand. Next to this in effect are the strongest spirits that can be procured, as æther, spirits of wine, brandy, rum, gin, &c. or, in the absence of these, vinegar. These should be applied by means of folded linen cloths to every kind of burn, and to scalds before the skin begins to rise. Soap dissolved in water is likewise a good application. In proof of the efficacy of spirits, the following case is given:—At a respectable inn in the neighbourhood of Bath, a female servant, in taking a ham from the boiler, fell down, and was scalded in a dreadful manner, her neck and body being literally scarified: applications of cloths well soaked in brandy were immediately resorted to, and proved almost miraculously efficacious, so much so, that when a surgeon, who had been sent for, arrived in about an hour after the accident happened, he said nothing could improve the appearances; he declined ordering any thing but a continuance in the same process, and in a few days the poor girl was quite recovered, and soon after scarcely a vestige, or even appearance, of the accident remained.

Pulverised chalk, mixed with whites of eggs to the consistence of cream, frequently applied to prevent its congealing, is also declared to be an excellent remedy for burns or scalds.

REMEDY FOR THE STONE.

Take a quarter of a pint of the expressed juice of horsemint, and a quarter of a pint of red onion juice, evening and morning, till the cure is perfected. White onions will not have the same effect as red. To get the juice of them, they may be cut in thin slices, and well salted, and bruised between two pewter plates. It is, however, the juice of the horsemint which possesses the most virtue in this disorder, and a strong decoction of this will generally, in time, effect a cure. If used in this way, the dose, of course, should be considerably larger.

WORMING DOGS.

It is asserted, that the fatal effects of hydrophobia in the human species might be prevented by a law to enforce the worming, or the extracting of a ligament like a worm under the tongue, of all dogs; as

dogs, which have been wormed, never bite under the influence of the disorder, but die quiet and harmless. A writer on this subject advises an appeal to the celebrated Dr. Jenner, by any one desirous of ascertaining the correctness of this assertion. We should be happy to receive a confirmation of it from that enlightened philanthropist.

CHEAP ROOFING FOR OUTHOUSES.

A cheap and durable method of roofing is formed by dipping sheets of coarse paper in boiling tar, and nailing them on boards or laths in the same manner as slates. The whole is then painted over with a mixture of pitch and powdered coal, chalk, or brick-dust. This forms a texture which completely resists all kinds of weather for a great length of time, without requiring repair. As the roof is made to rise not more than two inches in a foot, the quantity of timber required is much smaller than for any other mode.

METHOD OF MAKING INK.

A correspondent of *The Gentleman's Magazine* has communicated the following method of making ink that will never become mouldy, without using any other than the common ingredients:—It occurred to me, says he, that the mould could proceed from the vegetable ones only. I therefore put an ounce of clean gum arabic into a jug, with a quart, Winchester measure, of a clear infusion of galls, made with rain-water and three ounces of galls well pounded, and placed the jug in a cellar, and covered it loosely with paper. I stirred the liquor two or three times a day for several days, that the gum might be perfectly dissolved. The mould began to form upon the surface in twenty-four days; ten days afterwards I removed it. Several more portions of mould formed, which I took off occasionally during three months, when the liquor became perfectly purified. I then added an ounce of pounded copperas. When the mould first began to form, I removed the jug into the shady part of a room, where there was no fire.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

MRS. JEFFERY.

THE Rev. Mr. Beloe, in his posthumous work *The Sexagenarian*, gives the following account of the late Mrs. Jeffery of Bath, who formerly shone in the most distinguished circles of the metropolis as the wife of Alderman Hayley.

She was the sister of John Wilkes, of famous memory, had a large portion of his intellectual endowments, and was very little his inferior in vivacity, humour, and wit. She was married first to an opulent merchant, who was succeeded in his business by his head clerk Mr. Hayley, whose fortunes were made by his obtaining the hand of the widow. He was afterwards Alderman Hayley, and a near relation of Hayley the poet; he was a plain,

sensible, good sort of man, wholly absorbed in commercial pursuits, and soon found it expedient, for the sake of a quiet life, to suffer his *cara sposa* to do as she liked. She was exceedingly well informed, had read a great deal, possessed a fine taste, and, with respect to literary merit, considerable judgment. She accordingly sought with much avidity the society of those who were distinguished in the world by their talents and their writings. When the expression of *those* is used, it must be understood to apply to men only; for on all occasions she was at no pains to conceal her contemptuous opinion of her own sex, and it was no uncommon thing to see her at table surrounded with ten or twelve eminent men, without a single female. She had great conversational talents; and unfortunately, like her brother, she seldom permitted any ideas of religion, or even of delicacy, to impose a restraint upon her observations.

Her disregard of propriety was also conspicuously manifested on other occasions. She invariably attended the more remarkable trials at the Old Bailey, where she regularly had a certain place reserved for her. When the discussion on the trial was of such a nature that decorum, and indeed the judges themselves desired women to withdraw, she never stirred from her place, but persisted in remaining to hear the whole, with the most unmoved and unblushing earnestness of attention. She every summer made an excursion to such parts of the kingdom as she had not before visited, and was always accompanied by a single male friend, who for a great number of years was an American gentleman connected with the house of Hayley by the ties of mercantile interests. Upon one occasion she visited the Highlands with this gentleman, and though accustomed to a very luxurious style of living, she submitted to the greatest privations and hardships in the indulgence of her curiosity. This, indeed, was unbounded; it extended to the manufactories, manners, high and low, and worse than low, in whatever place she visited. Her professed object was to see every thing and every body, which deserved or excited attention. The season in which she visited the Highlands proved moreover to be very wet and tempestuous, and the character of her mind cannot perhaps be more accurately delineated than by an extract of a letter which she wrote to her brother John Wilkes from Scotland: it began—

"*Dear Brother,*

"The rain has been, and still is, so incessant, that I have serious intentions of constructing another ark; into which, however, I shall be exceedingly scrupulous whom I admit. As I know your particular taste, I shall have a cabin for your use fitted up, and adorned with Scripture and other prints. But I will on no consideration whatever suffer any unclean animals to enter; for example, nothing shall prevail upon me to admit either Scotchmen or Scotchwomen," &c. &c.

The whole of the epistle was of the same strain and character, full of wit, humour, and ingenious (however unjust) raillery.

She had a house after her husband's death, and perhaps before, at Bromley; the measured distance of which, from her town residence in Great Alie-street, Goodman's-fields, was precisely ten miles. She had four beautiful black horses, and on entering her carriage, she never failed to take her watch in her hand, and her coachman was sure to have a sorry bout of it, if he exceeded the space of an hour, either going or coming.

She had also a strong predilection for the drama, had a box at both the theatres, and generally went from one house to another. She was most particularly fond of Shakspeare, and never failed to be present when any of his plays were represented. She allowed her coachman but half an hour to drive from Goodman's-fields to either theatre. Her remarks on the performances and performers were ingenious, lively, pertinent, and just.

She was particularly nice in her carriage, which was always built in the highest and most expensive style of fashion, and kept with particular neatness. She had one day a rich citizen with her, in one of these excursions to or from Bromley, who did not perceive that the glass near which he sat was drawn up, and he was so thoughtless as to spit upon it. She indulged in much laughter, and remarked that her coachman could not possibly have had a greater compliment paid to his care of the glasses.

She had a daughter, who did not appear to be exempted from the general, indeed universal dislike, or rather contempt, which she avowed for all her sex. They were on the very worst terms possible, and so reluctant was she on her daughter's marriage to perform the stipulations required by old H.'s will, that the most harsh and rigorous proceedings were found unavoidably necessary; and she was arrested on a Saturday night, on coming from the play, when she had thousands at her command; and detained, with her male friend, who always accompanied her, in a spunging-house, till the Monday morning.

In the end she served this same gentleman a most slippery trick. He was a native of Nantucket, and as Mr. H.'s commercial connections were principally in America, he was one of his most intimate and valuable correspondents. On coming to England, he took up his residence in H.'s house, and on his death, undertook the conduct of the great and extensive concern for the widow. He was her most intimate counsellor, confidant, and friend, embarked his fortunes with her's, attended her every where and on every occasion, and was in all respects the master of her house, and the director of her family. At the conclusion of the American war, it was found expedient that some confidential person should go over to America, to see after the property still remaining in that country, and which was not much less than one hundred thousand pounds. Mr. R** offered himself for the purpose. The lady's attachment to him was so strong, that she determined not to part with him, and resolved to accompany him. Before they embarked, it was determined, on consultation, that they should be married, and the archbishop's licence was accordingly obtained. From some

cause or other, the solemnization was deferred, and they mutually covenanted that it should take place on their arrival in America. They accordingly set sail very lovingly together. When they got to America, they were much noticed and feasted, and were hospitably received, even by General Washington himself, and the most considerable persons of the country. Still the marriage was not solemnized. Almost the first letters which came out from England, brought the unwelcome information, that the presence of Mrs. H. or her agent and representative, was indispensably necessary, to secure the property which was left behind, no less considerable than that after which they went in search. The gentleman of whom we are speaking voluntarily undertook this mission also; and leaving his friend and mistress, with the promise, and indeed the determination, to return immediately and perform his contract, he appointed a young mercantile man to transact his business in his absence, and departed for England.

But mark the waywardness and inconsistency of some females: he had hardly set foot on British land, when a packet arrived from a correspondent in America, with the information, that the lady had found solitude in that distant part of the world so irksome, and indeed so intolerable, that in one short week after his departure, she had united herself in indissoluble bonds with the young man whom he had left as his mercantile representative. There were no writings, settlements, or contracts; but one simple deed, stating, that the longest liver should have all the property.

Before the narrative of Mrs. H. is resumed, the sequel of the fortunes of this disappointed gentleman shall be added. His grief was probably neither very acute, nor very permanent; indeed, he was already beginning to feel his situation a sort of unmanly thraldom; and there can be very little doubt, that had he been either pressing or unfortunate, he might, *mutatis mutandis*, have been the happy bridegroom in America, rather than the forsaken lover in England. But he was a man with a great spirit of enterprize, had seen much of the world, and was anxious to see more. He had also some very lofty schemes of mercantile aggrandisement, particularly with respect to the South Sea whale fishery. He was an exceedingly ingenious mechanic, and had invented a machine for the more certain destruction of whales, which had the approbation of some of our most accomplished mechanics. With this view, not meeting in this country, or from our government, the encouragement he wanted, and the assistance which he asked, he removed to France. Whether he yet survives, or if he does, in what situation he remains, was unknown when this was written.

Now to return to Mrs. Hayley. The hours of rapture, even with younger subjects (votaries at the hymeneal shrine), do not always extend beyond the honey-moon. When a female, approaching to seventy, leads to the altar a bridegroom who has not seen thirty, these hours of Elysium seldom continue quite so long. In a very short interval, a separation was mutually thought expedient. The lady, as before observed, had con-

fided every thing to the generosity of her husband, and, with such an allowance as he thought proper to make her, she took a very early opportunity of re-crossing the Atlantic; and after a short residence in London, fixed herself at Bath, where she passed

"An old age of cards."

MISCELLANIES.

Plate 19.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER X.

Already had I reclined my tingling head upon my pillow, already did I perceive the approach of tranquil sleep, when chance, which seemed to-day to have chosen me for its ball, thought fit to subject me to a trial equally unexpected and severe. The compassionate girl had, with John's assistance, fetched from the loft some dried herbs to foment my wound. She did not think of them till she was just stepping into bed; but this did not prevent her from going, barefoot and without light, in quest of them. John was obliged to make a fire to warm the wine in which the herbs were to be steeped, and all at once the dear creature came softly to my bedside, and put the smoking mass into her neck-handkerchief, which she took off for the purpose of binding it round my forehead.

"Child!" said I, "what are you about? You are giving yourself unnecessary trouble."

"I should think not," replied she; "or do you fancy that you look the better for that black spot on your forehead?" At the same time she stooped over my bed, applied the handkerchief, and, as she was tying it behind, it so happened that, owing to the manner in which my head was drawn towards her, my eyes rested upon an object, fair as the imagination of man can conceive.

What an extraordinary concatenation of circumstances! Little could I have imagined at the unpleasant moment of the accident, that my morning reverie would produce such a reality for the peaceful evening.

"O Margot!" whispered I, unable to resist the temptation of throwing my arms round the graceful form of this lovely girl, "how much more effectually mightst thou dispel my pangs, and change them into raptures!"

"Only tell me how, then!" replied she, without taking from me a single degree of that kindly warmth which my happy situation procured me.

"O thou!" continued I, after a pause of the deepest emotion, in the tenderest tone of which I was capable—"what shall I call thee?—child of unsophisticated Nature? O Margot, didst thou but know the whole secret of this wound, the proudest trophy that I ever won from Cupid, surely thou wouldst reward me for the morning's conflict! Yes, I already behold my victor's crown entwined with the

fairest wreaths that ever Pity presented to Love!"

This was not the first time, Edward, that the delusion which all symbolical language carries along with it had played me a scurvy trick; but on no occasion did so many circumstances concur to render that language dangerous as at this critical moment. Innocence and pity strengthened its hidden signification. To us Cupid was not the ideal inhabitant of an ideal world, any more than the contusion which he placed upon my forehead, when I pressed his godship in too human a manner, was imaginary. At Athens this evidence of the conflict would certainly have obtained me both reputation and alms.

On Margot's bosom itself, however, I had the firmness to translate my figurative wishes and sublime tropes into the plain vulgar tongue, which gave them, to my own astonishment, a meaning that frightened me.

As a culprit who advances to the bar, pacified by the conviction that the devil alone is to blame for his misdeeds, and quits it in despair after the judge has divested the deceitful adage of its symbolical disguise—so I shuddered at myself, and virtue proved victorious.

"I thank you, Margot," said I, in a firm tone, releasing her from my embrace, "for your pity and your poultice. It does me good, but sleep will do me still more. Go to bed now. To-morrow I will return your handkerchief."

Just at this moment the moon threw her soft rays over my bed. By this light Margot retired with all her glorious innocence, and I—let the whole court of Berlin laugh at me, if it will—I fancied myself greater than Scipio, and slept soundly all night.

December 29.

Heaven be praised! the blotch is removed from my forehead. I quitted my bed in a cheerful mood, sat down immediately to my writing-table, and consigned the history of yesterday, without a blush, to my journal.

As soon as I had finished, I left my closet, sought the good-natured girl, and with the open look of conscious integrity, and before the face of her relations, I returned to her the handkerchief which she had lent me for the night. But I know not how it is, the looks of them all to-day betray a certain embarrassment. Can any thing unpleasant have befallen them? I should be sincerely grieved if that were the case. They even seem desirous of avoiding me; they go out of the house and whisper together, which I never observed them to do before. But what most puzzles me is, that little Margot's bosom too heaves, and she says nothing to me concerning the cause of her agitation. At such moments we can do nothing better than to get out of our friends' way—but perhaps the girl will accompany me this morning.

I had purposely made a noise in fetching my hat and stick out of the closet, brushed the one, and looked as intently at the other as if I had never seen an oak sapling before—but all was of no use. Margot shewed no inclination to go along with me, but continued seated immoveably in a corner. In passing I reached her my hand,

which she pressed with a fervour that penetrated my heart. "What can be the matter with these good folks?" thought I, and left them quite disconcerted. John followed my example, and in so doing afforded me a fresh opportunity of admiring his delicate *tact*. I beckoned him to attend me, and thus, each wrapped up in his own thoughts, we ascended the well-known hill.

On reaching the top, I sat down and gave full liberty to my eyes. John, who stood near me, seemed absorbed like myself in admiration of the glorious prospect. He at length broke silence. "Sir," said he, "your sight is very good. Can you discern yonder in the distance among the trees a very small-pointed spire?"

I looked, but could not discover it.

"Then," continued he, "my eyes must be still better than yours. You must know, that this is the church of the village from which Margot comes."

"Indeed!" answered I, and looked once more towards it.

After a short pause, he resumed: "It is said to be a place where a living is easily obtained."

I turned round to him, and there he stood with folded hands, like a criminal trembling before his judge.

"What is the matter with you, John?" said I hastily. And now something was brought to light which so strongly reminded me of what befel a professor of natural philosophy at Würzburg while I was a young man, that I cannot resist the inclination to relate the circumstance to you, as an appropriate transition to what follows, and as a proof that even the most enlightened of men may occasionally be led into errors.

The scholar whom I have mentioned, and whose name was Beringer, collected subjects in natural history, and had the extraordinary good fortune to discover a sand-pit which was incredibly rich in the rarest petrifactions. Figure to yourself his transport on returning from every secret visit with bags full of new treasures for his cabinet. His collection soon increased to such a degree as to eclipse every other in this department, and he conceived the very natural idea of making known his fortunate discoveries to the world, and, by means of illustrative engravings, enabling the public to appreciate the true value of these rarities, certain that he should thereby excite the astonishment of all the connoisseurs. In this work he says very modestly, "that he has received all these curiosities, these birds, and frogs, and lizards, and bats, and members of human bodies, so evidently converted into sand-stone, immediately from the hand of Nature; that he dug them up himself in the happiest hours of his life; and that he bestowed the most scrupulous care upon the drawings from which the engravings were executed."

It does one good to see the learned gentleman thus swelling with self-satisfaction, and it is certain that nothing could detract from the deserved honour of his laborious discoveries, but a trifling circumstance which came to his knowledge when the very last sheet of his profound work was in the press. It was this:—That it was not plas-

tic Nature, but one of her friends, who was the author of all the curiosities described in the book. One of his colleagues, not anticipating the consequences, had, in a waggish humour, caused all those articles to be manufactured by a common stone-cutter, and to be buried over-night at the spot where he knew beforehand that the professor would seek and find them on the morrow.

When his first fury—the vehemence of which I leave you to figure to yourself—at such an unseasonable joke had somewhat subsided, and he had sufficiently fretted and fumed, and made himself ashamed of his credulity, he formed the best resolution that was left him to render his dear folios, now that they were printed, in some measure useful for libraries, and, on the other hand, not to throw himself into a gall-fever by swallowing his vexation in silence. He, therefore, seated himself, with all the composure he was master of, at his writing-table, and in a supplement frankly related his misadventure in very good Latin, and not a little surprised the courteous reader, who had so far bestowed due attention upon his work, with the unexpected information that there was not one word of truth in all that he had been reading. He kindly admonishes all to take warning by his example, and not to let themselves be blinded by their passion for any particular pursuit. He acknowledges, that now he dispassionately examines the originals, he cannot conceive where his eyes must have been; he hopes that his future works will be gainers by his experience, and offers the present, by way of punishing his credulity, at half the selling price.

Who can read this passage without feelings of renewed regard for the professor on account of his extraordinary frankness? and what rational man is there but would assign a place in his library to his folio, perhaps somewhere near Lavater's *Physiognomy?*

Imagine not, dear Edward, that this story is misplaced here; and now listen with more attention than you have possibly yet paid, to the continuation of mine.

Every word that John uttered stabbed me to the heart, and propelled the blood into my face. Never in all my life, I protest to you, did I appear more ridiculous to myself than while the fellow, in broken sentences, stammered forth his ardent love for Margot, and the fervour with which she returned it; and I recollected all my fine declamations on the inequality of conditions, on the genuine jewel that I had discovered, and all the nonsense which for some days had been passing through my head, and flowing from my pen. My state at length was exactly like that stupidity into which the most eminent scholars only in general fall, when they meet with something in common life—in their kitchens, or in their cellars perhaps—which does not at the first blush coincide with their systems. My eyes were fixed on vacancy, and I lost at least half of what John was saying to me.

"Yes, sir," he proceeded, just at the moment when I began to collect my scattered thoughts, "now you are acquainted with the whole matter. Margot and I al-

ways had it upon our tongues, but neither of us had the courage to inform you of it, and each was desirous of throwing the task upon the other. The day before yesterday, when we toyed away the whole morning together—it was the same day that you sent me to the town—"

"And how did you toy it away then?" cried I with impatient curiosity.

"Why, it is not worth mentioning," replied John. "The girl only shewed me something of the management of silk-worms, and the profit of keeping them. She told me that the loves of these little insects diffuse blessings over a whole country, and that whoever promotes their pleasures is richly rewarded for it as for a good action. And so we were led quite naturally to our own love and our future housekeeping. One word brought on another; one kiss followed another, and then——what was I going to say?—yes, then Margot took courage, and gave me her hand, that she would speak to you about it that very day.—'I will come as far as the gate to meet you,' said she, 'and bring your master along with me—by the way I will tell him how dearly I love you—I will beg you of him; and that you may know at once how matters stand, I will give you a sign. Look you, if I come running alone to meet you, all will be well; but if I have hold of your master's arm, why then you may be sure that our secret has gone no farther.' Well, as I came out of the town-gate with a beating heart, I observed you both sitting on the stone seat. I saw Margot jump up all at once; but, ah! what a twitch it gave me when a moment afterwards I saw her holding you by the arm with her pretty little hands!"

"O Montagne! Montagne!" exclaimed I, grinding my teeth, "how just is thy remark, that the cats often play with us when we imagine that we are playing with them!"

John understood so much French as to suppose that I had been saying something about the *mountain*, and his answer was of course as inapposite as could be wished. At this moment, however, the grossest of misconceptions could not have discomposed a muscle of my face.

"Yes, so it was," replied I—"but proceed."—"What more can I have to say, my dear master?" answered John. "God knows how much it pains me to think of leaving you; but it will be easy to supply my place. The girl who is so fond of me is such a good creature, that I really think no greater happiness could befal any of us in this world."

"Any of us?" murmured I, biting my nails with vexation.

"In this country," he continued, "it is easy to gain a livelihood and to maintain a wife, especially an industrious and careful one, such as Margot will be, if it were only out of love to me. It was but yesterday morning, when we were seeking you here upon this mountain, and were sitting together on this very spot, that she promised me with a thousand kisses—aye at least a thousand—to be any thing that I would have her."

"A thousand kisses!" thought I—"how provoking!" and at the moment I would have given a good

deal to have had that single one back again during which the tragedy-writer had surprised me. I inwardly cursed the little traitress, who could stammer and blush so eloquently for any other, and who could give such ardent kisses to any other man than myself. I now considered it as certain that she had poisoned my Mops, that she might deprive me of all my companions. I could not reflect without mortification on the yesterday's pages of my journal, and you have nobody to thank but the professor of Würzburg, that I have not torn these humiliating pages, with some of the preceding, into ten thousand pieces, and thus deprived you of the useful moral which you may draw from them.

Painful as it was to me to lose a faithful attendant in such an insidious manner, still I had no solid objection to urge against the match. In this dilemma, I said to him, "This is all very well, John—but the difference of religion?"

"That," he eagerly replied, "is of no consequence here, as Margot assures me."

"Has she so?" rejoined I, shaking my head.

"Yes indeed, my worthy master," continued he. "The great St. Christopher alone is held in some veneration, and so he may be for what I care.—But, sir, make up your mind about it; for without your consent, the girl will not have me upon any account. This is the only condition that she and her relations insist upon;—and as for me—I declare to God I would rather pine to death for love of Margot, than do any thing that you disapproved."

"John," said I seriously, "the principal difficulty is, that I cannot tell where I shall find another good servant in a hurry; and you know that you have engaged not to leave me during my travels."

For this case too the good folks had taken care to provide. "Indeed," replied John hastily, "that I know but too well, and I told the girl so, and this is the weight that presses most heavily upon our hearts. But, sir, Margot has a brother, who is said to be a handsome, well-behaved lad, and who can attend you so early as to-morrow, if you please—she rejoices at the idea of seeing him in your livery. Though the idea is so natural, yet it never occurred to her till late last night."

"About what time?" asked I.

"As I tell you," replied John, "it was quite late. Every body in the house was already in bed, when she came creeping like a ghost up stairs to me in the loft, to acquaint me with the excellent thought that had just struck her."

"I should think," cried I, interrupting him in the most peevish tone, "it would have been time enough for that next morning."

"So it would," said John, "but she cannot keep any thing from me even for a single night. But to proceed with my story—it was fortunate that she did come up into the loft, for there she found a bag of dried thyme and sage which had been lost, and this put her upon making the poultice which has done you so much good. Never was there such a handy, industrious girl. 'Give me the things,' said she, when they were ready; 'I will tie them round your master's head my-

self. Perhaps I shall yet find an opportunity of speaking to him about our business. Ah! how soundly I should sleep after it!' But this morning she was quite down-hearted again—and though I am not less so, what can I do? The period of your departure approaches nearer and nearer, and it is now high time that I should know what I am to expect."

I was plunged into a profound reverie. "She would speak to me about the business?" I repeated over and over again. "It was lucky she did not. Last night too?—in the state in which I then was?—What a shock of contending emotions would it have produced! If the current of all those ardent feelings had been so suddenly and so keenly frozen, would it have been any wonder if an apoplexy had instantaneously carried me off?"

During this soliloquy I quite forgot poor John. When I looked round for him again, his features were so disfigured with the tortures of suspense, that I could not help pitying him. I rubbed my forehead, fixed my eyes upon the azure sky—and my resolution was taken.

"You have now been ten years with me, John," said I with emotion—"you have served me faithfully, and I am accustomed to you. But your choice is too good, and the love of such an angel of a girl overbalances all the objections that I could advance. I give you the permission you solicit, and give it cheerfully. Continue to be worthy of Margot, and may you both be happy!"

Scarcely had I pronounced these words when the kind-hearted fellow clasped his hands. "May God Almighty bless you!" said he, while tears trickled down his cheeks—"bless you soon with a good and charming wife, and may she reward you for all the goodness that you shew me at this moment!" His feelings prevented his proceeding; and I—to recover myself from the agitation into which the expression of his joy had thrown me—(at least I fancy that was the reason)—slowly descended the hill, and strove to inspire my heart, after so rude a shock, with courage, that I might appear with unclouded brow before the good people of the house.

They were waiting for me in evident uneasiness before the door of their cottage. Concluding, however, from the satisfaction apparent in the looks of my John, how matters stood, they conducted me without farther ceremony into the room where their niece had passed the intermediate time with a beating heart.

"Well, Margot," said I as I entered, with as kind a look as it was possible for me to give, "now I know what carried you into the dusty road the day before yesterday, and why you were lost in such profound thought on the stone seat. Your broken slumbers, your concerted signs, your night-walking, all your secrets, not excepting the bag of herbs, are betrayed. If John were not so talkative, you should certainly not have him. As it is, he belongs to you by right. Such a mysterious girl ought to be punished with a chatter-box."

You should have seen what life these words infused into the little innocent creature. With glowing cheeks, heaving breast, and I know

not how many more charms, she threw herself, before I was aware of it, about my neck, and forced upon me the *droit de seigneur*—if you choose to call it so--before the face of her bridegroom. I received her first kiss—for truth compels me to acknowledge, that of the kisses mentioned in the preceding pages, not one was given by her to me. The second and succeeding ones were destined for the happy John.

As soon as dinner was over, host and hostess, Margot and John, repaired, as it had been agreed upon during our repast, to the post. One helped the other upon ass-back, and away they trotted to the village where the family contract was to be concluded, and where the exchange of my John for Margot's brother was to be effected.

Meanwhile I employed myself for the benefit of my travelling friends, as also for my own satisfaction, and divided a considerable portion of the produce of my bill into three parts, one of which I destined for my hosts, one for my John, and the third for the little treacherous Margot. After this settlement of accounts, the first that was not irksome to me, I seated myself in my closet, committed to paper what you have read, and awaited with extraordinary composure the return of my friends.

Their various negociations could not have met with the slightest obstacle, for they came back earlier than I expected them, judging from the importance of the business which they had to transact. They were not pleased to find me at home, and to hear that I had debarred myself of my walk, that their house and my own little property in it might not be left unprotected. They declared this precaution a reflection upon their honest neighbours. "Or were you perhaps afraid," cried Margot, "that the robber who haunts the hill should find his way to your writing-table, throw your papers into confusion, or even run away with them?"

"The principal reason why I staid at home," said I, in order to do away the impression which my fear had made on them, "was, that I might finish my journal."

"And what is a journal?" asked Margot. When I told her that it was an account of receipts and expenses—of the employment of time—of our feelings and our errors—that under this last head there was a description of her pretty little self, and that I should send this account to a man who had almost every day reports of not much greater importance to lay before his sovereign—I thought she would have died with laughing; nay, I verily believe she would not have given credit to what I said, had not John assured her that it was literally true.

I like Bastian, my new valet, extremely well. He is a smart, clever lad, about twenty, who I dare say would as easily have made up his mind to circumnavigate the globe with Cook, as to go with me the day after to-morrow to Avignon. I should not mind adding a crown per month to his wages, on account of his resemblance to his sister.

I passed the evening in hearing the narrative of their journey, and all the negociations and transactions with the mother of the bride. I found it impossible to listen with

attention. I pored over all the riddles with which this girl of thirteen had puzzled me since the commencement of our acquaintance, and with which she still continued to puzzle me, and endeavoured to solve the latter more successfully than, to the eternal disgrace of my experience, I had done the former. I hope I shall be able to appease this commotion of my thoughts, otherwise I am seriously apprehensive that I shall have a sleepless night.

IRISH PRIDE.

About the beginning of the year 1780, a young Irishman of the name of O'Hara, well descended, but of moderate fortune, arrived in Paris, bringing with him letters of recommendation to the first families of that city. The grace, gaiety, and good-nature of the young Hibernian, soon rendered him a general favourite in the first circles. He appeared extremely grateful for the kindness he received, but he attached himself more warmly to the family of the Count St. Marcel than to any of the others who vied in attention to him.

Monsieur and Madame St. Marcel were indeed extremely amiable, but there was a stronger attraction at their hotel than the captivating manners or splendid hospitality of its possessors. The young Therese St. Marcel, the count's only child, was at that period about eighteen. Madame St. Marcel, who was dotingly fond of her daughter, never could be prevailed on to part with her; and Therese received her education under the paternal roof, instead of being, as was then the custom, sent to a convent in her infancy.

Mademoiselle St. Marcel would, by a jury of spinsters on the wrong side of thirty, have been pronounced perfectly plain; and, in truth, a critic would not have been able to point out a single feature which could separately be considered as beautiful. The effect of the whole was, however, fascinating in the highest degree. Her form, though small, was exquisitely proportioned; and the grace which attended her every motion, would of itself have been sufficient to render an ordinary figure charming.

At once fond and proud of his daughter, the count was not displeased at the visible effect which her charms produced upon O'Hara, because it never entered his head, that any sentiment warmer than admiration could be the consequence of allowing the young people an unrestrained intercourse. Madame St. Marcel was of a different opinion; but her wise remonstrances were interrupted with an incredulous "Pshaw! I grant," said he, "that this young man's birth is in his own country more than respectable, but it is impossible that he could have the folly to hope for an alliance with a daughter of the house of St. Marcel."

The peremptory air with which he pronounced these words did not alter the opinion of his lady, but it taught her the necessity of concealing it, and of watching the young folks narrowly. She had soon reason to triumph in her penetration. O'Hara found that eve-

ry day increased his passion for Therese; and as he read in her soft eyes, when she ventured to raise them for a moment to his, that the sentiment was reciprocal, he summoned courage to declare his attachment to the count.

O'Hara saw but one obstacle to his wishes, and that was, the superiority of fortune on the lady's side; this he thought might be obviated by his settling all her property on herself. As to his birth, he was perfectly easy on that score, accustomed from his childish days to trace the records of his house till they were lost amidst the darkest shades of antiquity, and to hang with exultation and delight on the recital of the chivalrous feats of his ancestors, several of whom had exercised regal dominion in the Emerald Isle: he forgot that that land, which was celebrated ages ago as the seat of arts and arms, was then an obscure spot, its former fame almost unknown, and its very existence considered nearly unimportant by the rest of Europe.

The count's astonishment at the avowal of O'Hara's passion could only be equalled by his rage at what he considered the insolence of such a declaration. "Are you aware, sir," said he with the greatest haughtiness of tone and manner, "whose blood flows in the veins of Therese St. Marcel?"—"Yes!" replied O'Hara in no very placid tone, "I am aware, count, that your family is one of the first in France; but give me leave to tell you, that the blood of Bourbon itself would not be degraded by an alliance with that of O'Hara." At this speech the count started back, and fixed his eyes upon our Milesian with a look of mingled astonishment and contempt, which he accompanied with a very significant shrug.

This was enough to irritate O'Hara, who burst into an account of his ancestry, which the count regarded as a mere gasconade; and his cool sarcastic replies inflamed the spirit of the indignant Hibernian to such a degree, that he was obliged to terminate the interview abruptly, for fear of forgetting the claims which the father of Therese had on his forbearance.

From that moment the gates of the hotel St. Marcel were shut against O'Hara, and the wan cheek and dejected air of Therese too plainly proved her mother was right in supposing, that pride had not enabled her to ward off the arrows of Cupid.

Had O'Hara been so inclined, he might soon have consoled himself for the Count St. Marcel's haughty rejection of his alliance. A widow of rank and fortune, equal, if not superior, to Mademoiselle St. Marcel, and still young and handsome enough to inspire *la belle passion*, intimated to him pretty plainly, that he possessed the power to prevail upon her to present herself a second time before the altar of Hymen. The spirit of O'Hara was too disinterested to listen to this overture, even if his heart had been disengaged; but his whole soul was so absorbed in his passion for Therese, that the most perfect loveliness could not have shaken his constancy to her.

For some time he supported his spirits with the hope, that it might be possible for him to prevail upon her to consent to a clandestine

union; but though passionately attached to him, and firmly determined never to wed another, Therese shrunk with horror at the idea of becoming a fugitive from her paternal roof, and solemnly declared, that from that moment their intercourse was at an end. Not all the anguish which this declaration gave to O'Hara could induce his mistress to recant it, and our poor Milesian gave himself up to despair.

Months passed away without producing any change in his feelings; at first he brooded in silence over his sorrows, but finding that this only increased their poignancy, he unfortunately had recourse to play as a means to banish thought. The consequence may easily be imagined: destitute of coolness and caution, he suffered himself to be drawn deeper and deeper into the vortex of play, till he was nearly ruined. The loss of fortune afflicted him but little, because he was fully convinced, that even if he had retained it, Therese would never have been his. He determined to go to Germany, where he had no doubt of procuring a commission in the emperor's service; and he fervently hoped, that he should soon have an opportunity of losing honourably a life, which his unfortunate passion had so cruelly embittered.

A few days after he had taken this resolution, his servant informed him, that a man, meanly habited, and far advanced in life, was very importunate to see him, and refused to communicate his business to any one but himself.

O'Hara, who supposed that it was somebody in distress, desired the servant to shew him in, and, with the careless generosity which is frequently found among his countrymen, determined to relieve him out of the little he still possessed. He took out his purse, and advanced to meet the stranger; but he involuntarily drew back with a feeling almost of awe when he entered.

Few figures, indeed, were more calculated to command respect than that of the stranger: he was tall, finely formed, and although a slight bend indicated the approach of extreme age, it had not impaired the grandeur of his air, which, in spite of his miserable apparel, was noble and dignified. His features yet retained their symmetry, and his eyes their fire: he fixed them for a moment upon O'Hara, and then said, "Does your memory retain no trace of me?"

O'Hara sprang forward and caught his hand. "Surely," said he, "you must be my uncle Collins, whom we have so long believed dead!"

His conjecture was just; and as he felt himself pressed to the bosom of his aged relative, he experienced a feeling of pleasure for the first time during many months. But the narrative of his uncle soon changed his sensation to the bitter one of self-reproach. He found, that after fifteen years spent in India, his uncle was returning to his native land a beggar; a train of untoward circumstances having deprived him in a few months of a considerable property, which he had realized during the first years of his residence in India.

It cost O'Hara a bitter pang to reveal to him his own poverty, and the cause of it. "But do not

think," cried he, "my dear uncle, that your old age shall want the moderate comforts of life. I have still a little left, and ere that is expended my sword shall carve out a subsistence for both of us, for from this hour we part no more."

The old man did not thank him; he only said, as he squeezed his hand, "You are my sister's son!" These words, and the look that accompanied them, thrilled to the heart of O'Hara, who determined to make immediate arrangements for quitting Paris.

The night before he expected to begin his journey he went to the opera, where he knew M. St. Marcel and his family would be, that he might have the gratification of gazing for the last time on his beloved mistress. It was that memorable night on which the opera-house was burned to the ground. When the alarm of fire was given, the general confusion and distress were so great, that St. Marcel, who with difficulty brought out his wife, imagined that his daughter had escaped with the rest of their party; but what was his horror when, upon placing Madame St. Marcel in safety, he found that Therese had not been seen!

Never had the count experienced such agony as at that moment. He had sprained his ancle, so that he could not walk; and as, with a look of hopeless despair, he cast his eyes upon the opera-house, he beheld the flames bursting from every side.

"Oh, my child! my Therese!" cried the agonized father, "will no one venture to thy assistance? Ten thousand crowns, twenty thousand crowns, half my fortune to him who saves my child!" He called in vain; death appeared to be the inevitable consequence of any attempt to enter the house, and no voice spoke of aid to the distracted father, who loudly offered all that he possessed to any one who would even try to save his child. At that dreadful moment, when hope was extinct, and St. Marcel wildly invoked Heaven for that death which he believed his darling was then suffering, a man, dreadfully scorched, rushed through the crowd, and laid Therese at his feet.

A single glance sufficed to convince St. Marcel that the deliverer of his daughter was O'Hara, but before he could utter the rapturous thanks which sprang to his lips, O'Hara had mingled with the crowd and disappeared.

Those only who are themselves parents can conceive the joy with which Monsieur and Madame St. Marcel folded their recovered treasure to their bosoms. She had fainted, but she soon regained her senses, and they then learned, that being separated by the crowd from a gentleman who was assisting her to get out, she had fainted through terror, and recollected nothing more till she found herself in their arms.

The fine hair of Therese and her beautiful arms had suffered severely by the fire, but her face was uninjured. She was very anxious to know who her deliverer was, for she had seen O'Hara in the house, and she felt a hope that it might be he; but her father's silence upon the subject checked it almost as soon as it rose.

St. Marcel was silent, only that he might give his Therese a delightful surprise. He was all im-

patience for the next day, that he might see O'Hara, on whom he determined, notwithstanding his want of noble French blood, to bestow Therese. But on going to his lodgings the next day, he was told that Mr. O'Hara was ill, and could see no one. It was to no purpose he told the servant he must see his master, though only for a moment, master and man were alike inexorable; even gold, that universal master-key, could not procure him admission to the chamber of the invalid.

"This is very strange!" murmured he to himself; "has he then forgotten Therese?" The partiality of the fond father led him to reject this idea, and he determined on making a second trial. A second and a third were not, however, more successful. At last by stratagem he gained admission to the chamber of O'Hara, the sight of whom had such an effect upon his feelings, that instead of beginning the speech which he intended to address to him, he burst into tears.

O'Hara was evidently moved, but he strove to conceal his feelings: he saluted the count coldly, and inquired to what cause he was indebted for the honour of his visit.

"Can you ask me that?" cried St. Marcel, "knowing as you do how deeply I and mine are indebted to you."

"You owe me nothing, count," replied O'Hara; "what I did was from a selfish motive, and I neither deserve nor will accept of thanks."

"Nay, sir," said St. Marcel, whose spirit began to be roused, "you have a claim to more than thanks. I publicly offered my whole fortune to the saviour of my daughter: all I possess is therefore in justice yours."

"No," replied O'Hara indignantly, "I was not to be bribed into an act of humanity: I would not for ten thousand times your wealth have rushed upon what I believed certain destruction, for I threw myself into the flames not to save Therese, which I thought impossible, but to perish with her."

"My son! my dear son!" cried the softened father, "you will live with her, I trust in God, for many, many happy years! You have deserved her, and she shall be yours."

"No, count," replied O'Hara, attempting to conceal his visible emotion by a forced calmness; "I am now poor and destitute, and I never will eat the bread of another, though that other should be the woman whom I love even as my own soul."

"O'Hara! my dear O'Hara! this pride is unworthy of you," cried the count. He was proceeding when the door of an antechamber opened, and Mr. Collins appeared. "Spare your arguments, count," cried he; "believe me, there are none necessary: in a few minutes O'Hara will solicit the hand of your daughter on his knees."

"What, uncle," cried the astonished O'Hara, "do you believe it possible I could so debase myself? No, I swear by Heaven!——"

"Hold," exclaimed his uncle, "rash boy! would you renounce the happiness which is at this moment within your grasp? I have imposed upon you: shocked to find that you had dissipated your small paternal fortune, I presented myself in the garb of poverty before you, to try whether you had been the victim

of imprudence or of habitual depravity. The result of our meeting was, my instantly bequeathing to you wealth enough to satisfy avarice itself. I would have waited immediately upon the Count St. Marcel, but I knew money could not propitiate him; accident, or rather let me say Providence, has rendered him favourable to your wishes: and now," continued he with a smile, as he perceived O'Hara clasp the count in his arms, "will you refuse the hand of Mademoiselle St. Marcel?"

"I have half a mind," said St. Marcel, when his emotion had subsided, "to deny it to him now, as a punishment for his pride."

"No, my dear count," said Collins, "that punishment would be too severe. His faults are those of the head only; a few years' experience, with your lovely daughter for his monitress and guide, will, I trust, subdue that impetuosity which is his greatest failing, and render him worthy even of your alliance."

The emphasis which Mr. Collins laid upon the last words flattered the darling foible of the count, who took his leave, to announce the joyful intelligence to his wife and daughter.

Need we tell our readers, that Therese heard with delight, that her love and her duty were at last happily united? The sweetest tears she had ever shed flowed from her eyes while her father detailed, with all the enthusiasm of his nation, the scene he had just witnessed. St. Marcel kissed them off, as she leaned upon his shoulder, and straining her to his breast, exclaimed, "Yes, my daughter, he is worthy of you!"

The count was not mistaken; O'Hara was an exemplary husband, and during many years that St. Marcel witnessed the happiness enjoyed by him and his Therese, he never regretted the moment that he grafted the scion of a Milesian stock upon the genealogical tree of St. Marcel.

INQUIRY CONCERNING THE AUTHOR OF AN ENIGMA INSERTED IN THE REPOSITORY, N°. XVIII.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

I earnestly entreat your earliest leisure moments to decide, and that in your very next *Repository*, an important dispute. My cousin Eleonora from the North, and our mutual friend Aspasia from the South, have laid a bet—it is a pine-apple against the most elegant trimmed Parisian bonnet that can be selected by the winner—on the real author of the enigma, which I verily believe was first published in your *Repository* for the 1st of June, signed Byron, or given as written by the noble lord of that name. Eleonora insists upon it, though I know not from what source, that it was not composed by his lordship: Aspasia can by no means assent to such an assertion, unless date and other circumstances be adduced to support that opinion. Various reasons were assigned by Eleonora: such as, that it would not be read without a great name; that the secret author did not choose to be known; that the writer of it was very intimate with our ingenious lord, &c. &c. &c.: but

all this in the eye of Aspasia did not avail, and as to the ear it was a strain that had no more effect upon it, than the buzz of a bee or a beetle, or so many vibrations or flutterings of a Zephyr's wing.

My brother, moreover, has determined to sport a beautiful blood mare on the side of Aspasia, against an elegant set of chessmen, with richly embroidered satin check to play thereon, the property of Eleonora's brother: my request, therefore, I flatter myself will not seem such a *bagatelle* as can be passed over unnoticed. Your speedy answer may enable the pig to get out of his poke, and the cat out of the bag; in other words, such as have the vanity to claim the production, and pretend to be too modest to discover the name, would appear to act in this instance with no small degree of duplicity. Yours with regard, SOPHONISBA.

27th August, 1817.

*** We are sorry that it is not in our power to answer the inquiry of our fair correspondent. We can only assure her, that the Enigma in question was forwarded to us with the name of Lord BYRON affixed. If the contributor who favoured us with it, or any other of our readers, can furnish information decisive of a point to which so much importance seems to be attached, we entreat them to lose no time in relieving the suspense of SOPHONISBA and her fair friends.—EDITOR.

THE HISTORY OF MARCUS.

THE family of Marcus, though noble, is not affluent, and he was, from prudential motives, destined for the church at a very early age; but his passion for a military life was so strong, that, finding he could not prevail upon his father to purchase him a commission, he eloped for the purpose of enlisting as a common soldier. This step convinced his father, that it would be in vain to try to divert him from the profession of arms; he accordingly purchased him a commission, and the young soldier, happy in the attainment of his wish, eagerly seized every opportunity to distinguish himself.

The love of glory rendered the heart of Marcus invulnerable to the arrows of Cupid; but though not susceptible of the tender passion, few men were more alive to the ties of consanguinity: a dutiful and affectionate son, he never, but in the elopement which procured him the commission he was so anxious to obtain, gave his parents reason to complain of him: his conduct as a brother was also exemplary, but the object of his fondest attachment was his only sister, a beautiful girl seven years younger than himself.

This charming girl, whose name was Celia, was indeed the darling of her whole family. While she was yet a child, Marcus would frequently indulge himself in anticipating the rank to which her surpassing loveliness would one day raise her; and when his rapid rise in his profession put him in possession of a handsome income, he devoted all that he could spare from his own expenditure to the purpose of adorning his darling sister.

Celia's *entrée* into fashionable life was attended with an *éclât* which promised to realize the most

sanguine hopes of her family. Her beauty was the theme of universal panegyric, and the most splendid proposals awaited her acceptance.

Her parents were anxious that she should make her election; but she shewed so much disinclination to marry, that, as she was still very young, they desisted from importuning her. The cheek of the young soldier was flushed with higher pleasure at the recital of the conquests achieved by his sister's brilliant eyes, than at the applause bestowed upon his own exploits. He had been some time absent from his family, and he eagerly seized an opportunity of returning, to pass a few months with relations so tenderly beloved.

He found, upon his arrival at home, that Celia was paying a visit in the neighbourhood to a distant relation of his mother, who was married to a nobleman of high rank. He received a pressing invitation to pass a short time at the house of this nobleman, whose name was Cassander, and he consented, on condition that Celia should return with him at the end of a week.

Marcus set out for the seat of Cassander in high spirits; he took with him a very elegant sword as a present for Cassander, whose lady had always been exceedingly fond of Celia. He anticipated all the way the pleasure he should feel in folding his sister to his bosom after so long an absence; but his happiness was considerably damped by perceiving, that she seemed thin and pale, and there was something of restraint in her manner towards himself which wounded his feelings very much.

He took the first opportunity of a private conference, to interrogate Celia on the state of her heart. She answered with forced gaiety, and appeared anxious to get rid of the subject; but he saw, with alarm and surprise, that the frankness which used to be the most prominent trait in her character, had vanished; it was evident that there was something upon her mind, although she steadily denied it, and he began to fear that she was entangled in an imprudent passion, when a circumstance occurred which inspired him with suspicions of the most dreadful nature.

As he was crossing a gallery he saw Cassander and Celia in earnest conversation; they spoke so low that he could not distinguish what they said, but it was evident that Celia was greatly agitated, and that Cassander listened to her with an air of tender solicitude. He held one of her hands in his, and even for some moments he supported her in his arms.

Marcus stood for some time after they had quitted the gallery almost transfixed with surprise. It was not that he admitted for a moment the idea of any thing criminal in the conduct of his sister, but he feared that her heart was the prey of a guilty passion. He recollected, that before his marriage Cassander was very free with regard to women, and he now regarded him as a villain, whose insidious arts had blighted the happiness of his darling Celia.

He was restrained from coming to an explanation with Cassander, partly by fear that such a step might injure the reputation of his sister, and partly from respect to

the feelings of Cassander's amiable wife. He considered it, however, absolutely necessary to conduct Celia home immediately, and he proceeded directly to her apartment to announce to her his determination.

The sternness with which he did so threw her into a fit of tears; they were the first that Marcus had ever seen her shed unmoved, but far from soothing, they inflamed all his angry passions, and in a voice of thunder he told her, that she had been Cassander's inmate too long.

Grieved and terrified at a violence which she knew not how to account for, Celia fainted. As Marcus rose to summon assistance, he perceived a letter under her chair, and thinking it might explain how far the vile Cassander had practised upon her heart, he secured it; and as soon as he saw her senses return, he hastened to his chamber to peruse it.

So great was his astonishment and horror, that as he read he almost doubted the evidence of his senses. The writer complained of her cruelty in refusing him admission to her chamber the night before, and declared that he would visit her that night after twelve, as he was certain they had no reason to dread a surprise. The letter was signed with the initial C. and Marcus was positive that it was the writing of Cassander.

No event that could have happened to himself would have inflicted upon the heart of Marcus a tithe of the agony which he felt on perusing this terrible proof of his sister's infamy. At this moment, when his feelings were worked up almost to frenzy, Cassander entered his apartment to urge his stay. Unable to restrain his indignation, Marcus hastily locked the door of his chamber, and telling him, if his cowardice did not equal his villany, to defend himself; he presented him with the sword which had been intended as a gift, and drawing his own, attacked him with the utmost fury.

Cassander begged to be heard in vain; the request only served to irritate Marcus, whose skill was far superior to his antagonist's. The clashing of swords soon alarmed the family, but before they reached the apartment Cassander had received what appeared to be a mortal wound.

"I know not what madness has possessed you," cried he to Marcus as he fell, "but I call Heaven to witness, I have never intentionally injured or offended you."

"Dare you deny that you have dishonoured my sister?"

"Gracious Heaven! how could this mistake arise? She is my brother's wife!"

Marcus heard no more; every faculty was lost in horror and astonishment, and for some moments he was insensible to the misery he had caused.

Cassander was placed in bed, and a surgeon, who was instantly summoned, pronounced it possible that he might recover: but a succession of hysteric fits seized Celia, and for some days it was doubtful whether her reason or her life would not fall a sacrifice to their violence.

The circumstances which led to this dreadful mistake were explained by the wife of Cassander to the wretched Marcus. Celia, soon after she appeared in the great world,

became acquainted with Crito, who was an illegitimate son of Cassander's father. The fine person and amiable manners of this young man soon made a sensible impression on the heart of Celia, and perhaps this impression was not a little heightened by the ardent passion which she saw clearly she had inspired him with.

The death of his father had left Crito entirely dependent upon Cassander, who had generously secured him a handsome competency: yet it seemed madness to hope that the beautiful Celia, who might aspire to any rank short of royalty, would overlook his disgraceful birth. Impressed with the absolute necessity of conquering his passion, he tried to shun her society, but chance brought them together at a moment so favourable to the disclosure of his passion, that he had not resolution to refrain from declaring it. Celia, young, romantic, and impassioned, forgot her duty so far as to own a mutual flame; and in a short time, through the connivance of her woman, they were privately married.

No sooner were they indissolubly united, than Crito revealed to his brother the step he had taken. Cassander was grieved and offended, for he feared that the parents of Celia would never sanction so imprudent an alliance; but he loved his brother too tenderly not soon to grant his own forgiveness, and his lady invited Celia to her house, that they might concert together the best way of breaking it to her friends.

Unhappily at that juncture Marcus returned home, and it directly occurred to Cassander, that he might be brought over to their party; but fearful of his continuing inexorable, Crito thought it most prudent to quit his brother's house for a few days, and go on a visit to a friend in the neighbourhood, till Cassander had ascertained the sentiments of Marcus.

Unfortunately, Marcus was ignorant even of the existence of Crito, who had never appeared in the world till after his professional engagements called him from home; and his writing bore so strong a resemblance to his brother's, that, together with what Marcus considered the suspicious circumstances he had before witnessed, it left no doubt upon his mind, that Cassander was the seducer of his sister.

Cassander's wound soon assumed a more favourable appearance, and Marcus endeavoured to hope, that the rude shock which his sister's health had received would not be attended with any fatal consequence. He tried every means to tranquillize her mind and sooth her spirits; he acquiesced in her choice with seeming pleasure, and assured Crito that he would use every means to reconcile his parents to the marriage. Celia begged that its disclosure might be a little longer deferred. Alas! she had an internal monitor, which told her she must soon prepare to appear before a higher tribunal.

She was not mistaken; three weeks after her brother's rencontre with Cassander she breathed her last; nor could the wretched Marcus doubt even for a moment, that her life was the forfeit of his rashness. The grief of her parents, the distraction of her husband, excited the commiseration of all who knew

them; but what were their feelings compared to those of the miserable brother, who internally execrated himself as her murderer!

This event happened many years ago, but its remembrance still plants daggers in the heart of Marcus; even the laudable satisfaction which he feels in the blessings with which his grateful country loads her champion, is embittered by the corroding thought, that but for him Celia would still live to bless the family of which she was the brightest ornament.

"Poor Marcus!" cried Fortunio, "how falsely have I estimated thy apparent felicity! Thine is indeed a sorrow past hope, past cure!" For the first time since his adventure with Felicia, Fortunio's eyes began to open to the folly which had led him to think himself the most wretched of mortals; a sense of it suffused his cheek with crimson, and he was lost in reflections, which, though humiliating to his pride, were salutary to his repose, when Civilis was announced.

Fortunio hastened to receive him. He had often admired those brilliant talents for conversation which rendered the society of Civilis so much courted; though far advanced in life, his wit was as lively, and his judgment as clear, as they had been in his meridian, and few men of any age possessed such a fund of humour and natural gaiety. Fortunio would have passed with him an hour of unmixed enjoyment, had not a doubt, whether his mirth sprang from the heart, poisoned the pleasure he received from his conversation. At length he took his leave, and Fortunio was no sooner alone than he hastened to seek in his magic volume an account of the real situation of Civilis.

RESIGNATION: A FRAGMENT.

By Mrs. M'MULLAN.

THE book recommended was Murray's *Power of Religion on the Mind*, containing a folded manuscript as follows:

I trust, my dear Emma, you will never again wander into any of the various avenues of affliction. I am desirous of shewing you, whence the only balm can be extracted for those wounds you have received in the thorny path of life, by disclosing some incidents of my youthful years. So faithful is my heart to its first impressions, both of joy and sorrow, and at the same time so imperfect is the degree of self-government I have attained, that I prefer this mode of communication to a verbal one.

Almost forty years ago, the days of mourning for my father's death were consoled by the hope of my brother's arrival in England, from a classical tour on the Continent. He embarked—but was torn from us by the greedy wave: an event which threatened the final crush of my mother, and which bent my ardent expectations to the brink of chill despair.

Every sweet arrangement the youthful fancy forms, before affection has ever learned to stray beyond the dear circle of its homely

joys, were thus suddenly destroyed. The grave could not give up my father, nor the tranquillized wave restore what its tempestuous fury had devoured. Soon as the wretched survivors could form any resolution, it was that of immediate removal from the scenes once so productive of every felicity; but now only calculated to torture, by conjuring up the "ghosts of our departed joys."

In the shades of retirement we were blessed with submission to the decrees of Heaven, which amusements of a lively nature have not the power of imparting, though they may occasionally veil the sorrows of recollection.

A year elapsed, and my mother's health improved; for she had acquired the power of sustaining her grief, from the hand that had imposed the burden. She had led me, also, to the supreme source of comfort, and I learned to smile once more. A friend of my deceased brother found our residence, and became a frequent guest. Nature had done much for his person; education and science every thing for his mind. He loved me with all the ardour of sincerity, and with the frankness of truth, we exchanged the promises of inviolable fidelity. My mother blest with her sanction a union which was soon to be solemnized, and fondly declared all past afflictions would be compensated by my happiness. We returned to town, and the day was noted in the calendar of happy expectations, that was to make me a bride. But a cloud of more than Egyptian darkness intervened. The animated presence of him in whom my soul delighted, was transformed to a lifeless tenant of the tomb, by obedience to the legislation of those regulators of honour, who make deliberate murder the decision of dispute. Too well can "busy-meddling memory" retrace the horrors of my situation, when I thus drained the cup of human misery. Death hovered—but withheld his cold embrace. With

> "The last sob of life's decay,
> When breath was all but flown,"

I invited madness to the empire of my brain, that I might still indulge in illusory dreams of bliss: but in vain. Despair kept stern possession of my faculties, and guarded every avenue against composure. Consciousness was perfectly mine; and feeling, more acute to misery than ever it had been susceptible of joy, tortured both soul and body beyond the power of endurance. I sank on the couch of excruciating agony; while my mother's tears gave that refreshment to my fevered cheek, which the sources of my own denied. Weeks, months lingered on, and my life hung in dubious suspense. I saw my last surviving parent drooping over the misery she deemed incurable. I implored her to take me from every scene of my former felicity; to find some distant spot; to conduct me to the altar, and consecrate me to the service of the Deity, who alone could fit me for eternal peace. We passed several months in continual change of residence. Nature every where assumed the dark hues my hopeless view continued to present. After traversing England, we rested some time in Wales, where Lord Greenlow (to whom my father was well known) has a seat. To the kindness of his lordship and the excel-

lent countess, I am inexpressibly indebted. They principally consoled my mother, by restoring me to the capacity of assuring her, that I felt the Almighty had accepted my voluntary consecration to his service; and though the wounds I had sustained could never be entirely healed, yet time would cicatrize them. Only by those who have been overwhelmed by the dark feelings of despair, can it be imagined of what a burden I was lightened, when Nature appeared once more to my vision, in those reviving tints with which the bounty of Omnipotence has so richly adorned her. Then, for the first time since my "peace was slain," tears found their way; and though joy bloomed no longer for me—though I was convinced that my heart could never again throb with rapture, nor my ear welcome the notes of gladness, yet I returned to the exercise of filial duty; and when the slow but certain mandate of mortality approached in the form of wasting atrophy, and threatened to terminate my mother's earthly existence, I hastened with her to the mild climate of Cornwall. I watched—I wept—I prayed. Her life was continued for a period longer than I had dared to hope; and her counsels, as my age advanced, confirmed the habits of reflection.

I deposited the last attachment to kindred my solitary heart possessed, in the grave that received this dear, affectionate mother.

Lady Greenlow offered me a residence on this "sea-beat shore;" and I concluded a treaty for the possession of this cottage during my life. Sixteen years have now rolled on, without my heart acknowledging one peculiar attachment, though

"I know the value of the orphan's tear,
The poor man's prayer, respect from the respected;
I feel, to merit these, and to obtain them,
Is to taste here below that thrilling cordial,
Which the remunerating angel draws
From the eternal fountain of delight,
To pour on blessed souls that enter heaven."

When the Creator's voice summons my immortal spirit from the frail tenement which it now inhabits,

"Wilt thou, sweet mourner, at my stone appear,
And with my parted spirit ling'ring near—
Oh! wilt thou come, at ev'ning hour, to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind;
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love and all my woe?"

I humbly trust that we shall again meet in those regions, where alone dwells the perpetuity of bliss. Be silent, dear Emma, on the subject of this communication, for I have acquired no more than woman's weak philosophy; and those feelings which our conversation must inevitably excite, would be followed by an interval of sadness, very inconsistent with the cheerfulness I daily inculcate.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXII.

Virtue alone is happiness below.——POPE.

As happiness is the universal object of mankind, as, in the words of our renowned poet, it is "our being's end and aim," the wisest men of all ages have employed themselves in attempts to discover

what it is, and wherein it chiefly consists. An eminent writer of ancient times reckons upon no less than two hundred and eighty-eight different opinions upon this subject; and another, of equal celebrity, after having given a long catalogue of the notions of several philosophers, endeavours to shew the absurdity of them all, without establishing any opinion of his own.

The cause of so much error in this inquiry appears to be, the resolution which they took to fix a man's happiness to one determined point, when it cannot be obtained, as experience daily demonstrates, but by the concurrence of several particular qualities and varieties of circumstance.

I do not hesitate—and who would give any other preference, but from an ignorance of our state and nature?—I say, I do not hesitate to allow the first place to Virtue, as she is known to be the parent of Contentment. Naked virtue, however, is not alone sufficient to make us happy. It must be accompanied, at least, with a moderate provision of all the necessaries of life, and not ruffled or disturbed by bodily pains. A fit of the stone was sufficient to make a Stoic exclaim, that Zeno, his master, taught him false, when he laid down as a philosophic principle, founded in truth, that pain is no evil.

But this is not all; virtue is so far from being alone sufficient to make a man happy, that the excess in some particulars, joined to a soft and delicate disposition, may often give us the deepest wounds, and contribute to produce a painful state of mind. Striking instances of such effects might be produced in considering the character and frequent consequences of yielding too great an indulgence to pity, love, and friendship. In the two last passions, it often happens, that we so entirely give up our hearts, as to make our happiness wholly depend upon another person; a trust for which no human being, however excellent, can possibly give us a sufficient security.

He, therefore, who would be truly happy, must, besides an habitual virtue, attain to such a strength of mind, as to confine his happiness, in a great measure, within himself, and take care not to be too dependent on others. A man of this character will perform all those good-natured offices that could be expected from the most tender pity, without being so far affected at the common misfortunes of human life as to disturb his own repose. His actions of this kind are so much the more meritorious, as they flow from a pure principle of virtue, and a sense of his duty: whereas a man of a softer temper, even while he is assisting another, may, in some measure, be said to be affording relief to himself.

A man endowed with this strength of mind, though he leaves it to his friend, or the woman whom he prefers, to make him still more happy, does not put it in the power of either to make him miserable.

From the foregoing observations it will also appear, that nothing can be more weak, than to place our happiness in the applause of others, since we thus make it independent of ourselves. People of this temper, who place their chief felicity in reputation and applause, are also extremely subject

to envy, the most painful as well as the most absurd of all passions.

The surest means to attain that mental strength and independent state of happiness which I am here recommending, is a virtuous mind, sufficiently furnished with ideas to support what I shall denominate a social solitude, and, together with the agreeable conversation of others, can maintain a pleasing and satisfactory conversation with itself. Learning is a great assistant in producing such a qualification, as it consigns a large store of various knowledge to the memory, ready to be produced with the desired effect on any fit occasion that may present itself. The mind often takes the same pleasure in examining its treasures, in augmenting their number, and disposing them in regular order, as a military commander may be supposed to do in the review of his army.

It is this strength of mind that is not to be overcome by the changes of fortune; nay, it has been sometimes known to controul fortune itself: and hence also, it is, among other things, a grand source of happiness. It was such a spirit as this, that, when his army mutinied, inspired Alexander the Great to tell his soldiers to return to Macedon, and inform their countrymen, that they had left their king conquering the world; since he could not doubt of raising an army wherever he appeared. It is this virtue that powerfully exerts itself under oppression, and enables to resist malice and injustice. It is this that makes the good man insensibly set a value upon himself, and gives a colour to his words and actions, which will command regard, and acquire for him a greater ascendant over others, than all the advantages of birth and fortune.

This strength of mind must, therefore, be considered as a solid foundation of happiness, because it gives that stability to those principles of religion, without which all enjoyment is futile and transitory.

This is a subject well worthy of universal consideration; but to give it some degree of life and animation, I shall add a fanciful account of happiness as a game, which has been played from the beginning of time, and will be continued to the end of it. It consists of instructions how to play this game with success; and I copy it verbatim from my commonplace-book, in which I insert my own thoughts and fancies in the order they occur to me, as well as those which I am induced, for their good sense, wit, or intelligence, to select from the writings of others. They are as follows:

When you begin a new game, recall to your memory the manner in which you played the foregoing one, that you may avoid a repetition of the same mistakes.

When you have well considered the card you are about to play, play it with steadiness and composure, and particularly take care not to betray a suspicion of your own ignorance.

When you shuffle or cut, do it above-board, to prevent the least appearance or possibility of deceit.

If you have won a large share of the stake by playing a particular card well, be cautious of venturing it all on any single card in the same deal, unless you play a forced game.

Whether you play a small or a great game, exert your best skill,

and take care not to discover the bad state of your hand by peevishness or fretting.

Observe the play of others, and draw consequences from it for the improvement of your own.

If you play in the assemblies of fashion and the *ton*, remember to hold up your hand, and attend to the finesses of the place.

When you are in the country, play frequently with your neighbours and tenants. They very often play better than finer folks, and will greatly improve you in the plain rules of the game.

Avoid the general error of this game, of fancying that every body plays better than yourself.

If you agree with a lady to go halves with her, the agreement once made, you are not at liberty to find fault with her game.

When a card is once played, it can never be recalled.

Seldom play from your own hand; you win most by playing into the hands of others.

Teach your children to play the game early; and be sure to put money in their card-purses; for if they wait till your death, it may be too late to learn the game.

Good humour is more necessary at this game than even good sense; but where both are united, success is almost certain.

The greatest proficients in all other games are the most ignorant at this: the best players are those who practise most in their own families.

Kings and princes are very often strangers to this game, and their ministers want time to learn it.

Great dignitaries in the church and highly beneficed clergymen are frequently too indolent to play at it in public; and their curates are forced to be lookers-on, for want of a sufficient allowance to pay for their cards.

Poets and authors have sometimes struck a bold stroke in the game; but, of all men living, they are the most liable to mistakes, and it is generally observed, that the whole table is against them.

Most new-married couples are successful at the first outset; but before the whole pack is played, they too often lose all attention to the game.

It is remarkable, that young people play better than old; and it may appear still more extraordinary, that the love of money proves the bane of the game.

F. T.

I have had a letter some time, which is well worthy of attention; but as the former part is too metaphysical for general readers, I shall beg leave of the writer to give only the conclusion of it. It relates to learning as a part of female education.

* * * * * * * * * * *

If we look into the history of women, we discover many eminent philosophers of this sex. Nay, we find that several females have distinguished themselves in those sects of philosophy which seem almost repugnant to their natures. I need not name Portia, who was a Stoic in petticoats; nor Hipparchia, the celebrated female Cynic. Learning and knowledge are not sexual perfections; we possess them altogether as reasonable beings, in which order of existence the female world is upon the same level with the male. At least, I trust, that every one will agree with me in the opinion, that a female philoso-

pher is not so absurd or so inconsistent a character, as a female gamester. This therefore is a strong reason for recommending the study of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loss to fill up those hours profitably and agreeably, which are not occupied by the necessary and important duties of life.

I might also add this motive to my fair readers, that several of their sex who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raised themselves to superior situations of honour and fortune. A country of Europe that ranks high in the scale of nations, has afforded a very remarkable example; but I shall conclude my subject with the history of Athenais, which offers a very distinguished instance in the support and illustration of my doctrine.

The Emperor Theodosius, on attaining the imperial crown, requested his sister Pulcheria and his friend Paulinus to search his whole empire for a female of exquisite beauty to charm his heart, and of such extraordinary qualifications as to render her worthy of sharing the splendour of his throne. It so happened that Athenais, a Grecian virgin, accidentally presented herself to their notice. Her father, who was a distinguished philosopher of Athens, and had educated her in all the learning of that celebrated seat of the Muses, left her at his death but a slender fortune, which was rendered still less by the rapacious injustice of her two brothers. Her reduced situation determined her to take a journey to Constantinople, where she had a relation, who undertook to represent her misfortunes to Pulcheria, in order to obtain redress from the justice of the emperor. Hence it was that Athenais became known to that princess, who was so renowned for her virtues and her piety. The Grecian supplicant made a very strong impression on the mind of Pulcheria, not only by her incomparable beauty, but her accomplishments; and finding also that she had been educated not only in the acquisition of knowledge, but in the most rigid and spotless course of virtue, she did not hesitate to make a suitable report to her brother the emperor. He accordingly desired to be introduced into her company at the house of his friend Paulinus, when her beauty and understanding transcended his utmost expectations. Paulinus converted her to Christianity, and gave her the name of Eudocia; when the emperor espoused her, and enjoyed all the happiness which might be expected from such a learned and virtuous bride. By several works of learning she established her reputation, and by her exemplary life she so endeared herself to the whole empire, that many statues were erected to her honour and to perpetuate her memory: but her name has survived those frail memorials, and will be regarded with veneration while History remains to record her virtues. Nor is it to pass unnoticed, that she is celebrated by several eminent fathers of the church, as an ornament to her sex, and an honour to the religion to which she became a convert, and which her uniform piety and christian virtues continued to adorn through the whole course of her imperial life.

GLEANINGS ILLUSTRATIVE OF OLD CUSTOMS, MANNERS, &c.

(*Continued from p.* 149.)

1762.

May 21. At a meeting of the Society of Polite Arts fifty guineas was given to Mr. Jos. Nollekins, pupil of Mr. Scheemaker, for a marble bas-relief of Timoclea conducted before Alexander. At the same time a discovery was providentially made, that the great beam which supports the society's room was broken in two, and the walls of the room and the cupola considerably damaged, occasioned, as supposed, by the foundation giving way. If the room had been full, the company would probably have been buried in the ruins.

1770.

Oct. 8. The professor of architecture at the Royal Academy read his first lecture, wherein he introduced the history of architecture, and the sciences depending on it; and concluded with general instructions, and the study and practice of it.

1772.

Jan. 2. The Sieur Tunnestrick, known for his wonderful secret of healing in an instant animals dangerously wounded in the head, made an experiment of it before the stadtholder at the Hague, and several other persons; among whom was Mr. Gaubius, professor of physic. The experiment was made on a horse, into whose head was driven a large nail, which was afterwards drawn out with pincers, and by means of a liquor which he injected through the aperture, the animal, which before seemed ready to expire, in six minutes was radically cured.

22*d.* Was opened for the first time, the much talked of Pantheon, to a crowded company of between fifteen hundred and two thousand persons. Imagination cannot well surpass the elegance and magnificence of the apartments, the boldness of the painting, or the disposition of the lights; which last are reflected from gilt vases, suspended by gilt chains. Besides the splendid ornaments that decorate the rotundo or great room, there are numbers of statues in niches below the dome, representing most of the heathen gods and goddesses supposed to be in the ancient Pantheon at Rome. To these are added three more of white porphyry; the two first representing the present King and Queen, the last Britannia. The whole building is composed of a suite of fourteen rooms, all of which are adapted to particular uses, and each affording a striking instance of the splendour and profusion of modern times. It is thought the company would have been still more numerous, but for the sudden notice of the death of the Landgravine of Hesse-Cassel, which prevented many from going on account of not having been prepared with mourning, and which took off a great deal of that splendid appearance that might have been expected.

March 29. Lord Romney laid the first stone of a building for the Society of Arts at the Adelphi.

1773.

April 30. The first stone of a house intended to be built for the use of the Marine Society in Bishopsgate-street, was laid by Lord Robert Romney.

Aug. 10. The statue of his majesty erected in the centre of Berkeley-square, was opened, and made a fine appearance.

April 23. Eleven pictures sold at Sir George Colebrooke's sale for near 2000*l.*: the two capital were, the view of Nimeguen, 304*l.* 10*s.*; Cardinal Triest, 241*l.* 10*s.*

Dec. 30. Died, in Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, Paul Whitehead, Esq. poet-laureate. Among other whimsical legacies, he has bequeathed his heart, with 50*l.* to Lord Le Despencer.

1775.

Feb. 16. Died, the Chevalier Descazeau, commonly called the French poet. He has left a great personage a curious sword, a valuable gold medal, and a curious picture.

May 1. Lord Petre, attended by the officers of the fraternity, laid the first stone for a new Freemasons' Hall, now building in Great Queen-street, and afterwards adjourned to Leathersellers' Hall, where an elegant entertainment was provided.

14*th.* Died, Mr. James Ashley, aged 78; the first person who retailed punch in small quantities.

1776.

Oct. 28. An elegant bust, in marble, of the present Lord Chancellor Bathurst, executed by Nollekins, was put up in the new Register-Office in Chancery-lane. The register of the Court of Chancery and the clerks took possession of the new office the next day.

1777.

April. Died, Juliana Popjoy, a singular character; for thirty or forty years she lived in a hollow tree, and never lay in a bed. She had been mistress to the famous Beau Nash.

1780.

Jan. 8. Died, Mr. Ward, inventor of the cork jackets.

1787.

Nov. 14. Died, at the Dolphin inn in Bishopsgate-street, in the most extreme agonies and distress, Mrs. Elizabeth Steele, lately advertised for a forgery committed on a respectable house in the city; but better known by her having detailed the truly infamous memoirs of Mrs. Sophia Baddeley, who supported Mrs. S. during her affluence in the capacity of a convenient-woman. From the time of her absconding, she had carefully concealed herself from the officers of justice in the above house, totally unknown either to the landlord or his servants. Some papers found in her pocket led to the discovery of her name and person. She came to this inn about a fortnight before her death, in an old shabby chariot, and asked for a lodging, and was provided with a nurse: for all such accommodations she paid regularly for the first half of her time, being attended by an old man, who called himself her husband; but, on failure of payment, being apprehended and committed to the Compter, he denied any connection with her. In the mean time she died, and was buried in Bishopsgate churchyard, in a

manner little better than a common pauper.

1788.

April 6. Died, in Greville-street, near Hatton-Garden, where she had lived many years with great respectability, and enjoyed an uncommon share of good health and spirits, at the age of 74, Madame Catherine Rollar. She was a principal dancer on Covent-Garden stage fifty years ago, and followed that profession by private teaching to the last moment of her life. She had so much celebrity in her day, that having one evening sprained her ancle, no less an actor than Quin was ordered by the manager to make an apology to the audience for her not appearing in the dance. Quin, who looked upon her and all dancers as the mere garnish of the stage, at first demurred, but being threatened with a forfeiture, he growlingly came on, and in his coarse (rather say brutal) way thus addressed the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am desired by the manager to inform you, that the dance intended for this night is obliged to be postponed on account of Mademoiselle Rollar having dislocated her ancle. I wish it had been her neck, the b——."

1789.

A portrait of Will Honeycomb hung up at his son's library, Mr. Cleland, who died in 1789. *(Query,* Where is it now?) "It indicated all the manners and *d'abord* of the fashionable town-rake at the beginning of the last century."

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT OF ALBERT DURER'S PRAYER-BOOK.

PLATE 19—*A SPECIMEN OF THE TEXT.*

The publisher of the *Repository* herewith presents the readers of his Miscellany with a *fac-simile,* which he trusts will prove interesting as a specimen not only of an early, highly curious, and valuable typographic monument, but also as one of the first productions of his lithographic press. The work to which it belongs is a Catholic Prayer-Book, with illustrative designs by the celebrated German artist Albert Durer. The original is in the library of the King of Bavaria at Munich, and the subjoined account of it by his majesty's librarian, cannot fail to be acceptable either to the lovers of the fine arts, or to the bibliographer and bibliomaniac. His copy of this *unique* performance is just completed, and he will be happy to submit it to the inspection of any persons whose curiosity may induce them to favour him with a call.

101, Strand.

The first account of the Prayer-Book to which these designs of Albert Durer's are attached, is given by Joachim von Sandrart, in his *German Academy of the Fine Arts, Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting* (Nürnberg, published by Jacob von Sandrart, 1675, fol. part II. book iii. p. 224), where he writes: —"I have, moreover, seen a Breviary with drawings upon parchment, belonging to his Electoral Highness Maximilian of Bavaria, in which Albert Durer has most in-

Oratio ad suũ ꝓpriũ angelũ.

DEus ꝓpitius esto mihi
peccatori. Et sis mihi cu-
stos omnibus diebus vite mee.
Deus Abrahã. Deus Isaac.
Deus Iacob miserere mei. Et
mitte in adiutoriũ meum pro-
prium angelũ gloriosissimũ:
qui defendat me hodie: et ꝓte-
gat ab omnibus inimicis meis
Scte Michael archangele. De-
fende me in ꝓlio: vt non pereã
in tremendo iudicio. Archan-
gele christi. Per gratiam quã

geniously executed with the pen, and in different colours, figures of all the saints, according to their names; and also curious ornaments, foliage, and grotesque subjects: so that it is considered as one of the greatest master-pieces of his hand." In the later edition of this work, by John Jacob Volkmann, this account is much compressed; for we are there told (vol. VII. p. 221), "At the abovementioned Elector's (Maximilian of Bavaria), Sandrart saw a whole book of drawings of saints upon parchment, together with many embellishments." In the journal entitled *Deutschland's Aufklärung im neunzehnten Jahrhundert*, No. XII. August 1805, p. 323, in the note, we find the following remarks on the designs in this Prayer-Book:—"In the Electoral Library at Munich is to be seen a Prayer-Book, containing arabesques and figures drawn by Albert Durer. Most of them are taken from his wood-cuts, according as he found them suitable to the prayers attached: hence they display the stiffness of his early efforts, as well as the purity of his later style. Few of them are new ideas. Among these designs is one (No. VI. in the copy) representing the Virgin of the Apocalypse, which affords the most striking demonstration of Durer's genius. The female form, and the harmony of its different parts, together with the inimitable grace of the attitude, render the composition one of the most beautiful that can possibly be conceived upon this subject. It would be difficult to find a female form so exquisite in all the works of Raphael; at least, we are not acquainted with any. On the other hand, St. John, writing in Patmos, is all greatness and prophetic sublimity, in the same style as Durer's Apostles in the Electoral Gallery. If we may be allowed the comparison, these two figures form just such a contrast as the beauteous Venus de Medicis and the Apollo Belvidere. They prove that, by his own powers, and without the aid of others, Durer attained the highest degree of perfection."

It is certainly astonishing, that in the original designs of Albert Durer, notwithstanding the number of them in this Prayer-Book, and the variety of objects which they embrace, not a faulty stroke is to be seen; neither can we perceive that they were previously sketched with lead-pencil, or any thing else. In the full conviction of this extraordinary talent conferred on Durer, the translator of the work which appeared with the title of *Alberti Dureri clarissimi Pictoris et Geometræ de Symetria Partium in rectis Formis humanorum Corporum, Libri in Latinum conversi, Norimbergæ*, 1532, *in ædibus Viduæ Durerianæ*, bears testimony to the facility and skill of Albert Durer in drawing off-hand, in combining the parts most accurately together, and in producing at once a harmonious whole without making any previous sketch, in the following words:—*Quid ego de manus constantia et certitudine loquar? Jurares regula normave aut circina perscripta, quæ nullo adjumento vel penicillo vel sæpe calamo aut penna deducebat, ingenti cum admiratione spectantium. Quid memorem qua dextræ cum animi conceptibus congruentia sæpe in chartas statim calamo aut penna figuras quarumcunque rerum conjecerit, sive ut*

ipsi loquuntur, collocarit? In quo hoc profectò legentibus incredibile futurum prospicio, distantissimas non solum argumenti sed et corporum partes instituisse nonnunquam, quæ conjunctæ ita inter se convenirent, ut aptius fieri nihil potuisset. Nimirum ita mens artificis singularis instructa omni cognitione et intelligentia veritatis consensusque inter se partium, ipsa moderabatur ac regebat manum, jubebatque sibi absque ullis adminiculis fidere. Similis erat promptitudo peniculum tenentis, quo minutissima quæque in linteo tabellave perscribebat nulla designatione præmissa, sic ut non culpari modo posset nihil, sed laudem etiam omnia summam invenirent. Maxime admirabile fuit hoc laudatissimis pictoribus, quibus in illa re versatis plurimum, difficultas non esset ignota.' This testimony is the more valid, as, according to the assurance of Wolfgang Panzer, in his *Annal. Typogr.* (vol. VII. p. 481, n. 305,) the Latin translator of Durer's work is Joachim Camerarius, who was born at Nürnberg, lived at the same time as Durer, and was intimately acquainted with him, as he says at the beginning of the same preface :—*Conveniens tamen judicavimus, cum quod illius inventa ederemus, tum quod occasio data esset mandandi literis præclari viri (Alberti Durer) nobisque amicissimi vitam ac mores prætexere quæ partim sermonibus aliorum, partim præsentes de ipso cognovissemus, habitura prædicationem aliquam dexteritatis et ingenii singularis et artificis et hominis, atque etiam allatura voluptatis non nihil legentibus.*

All these quotations refer solely to those very highly esteemed designs with which Albert Durer embellished the Prayer-Book. But the text of this Prayer-Book is as valuable as Durer's drawings themselves. Not only is no second copy of it known to exist, but it has also this peculiarity, that the letters with which it is printed are both very cleanly cut, and also adorned with flourishes, which is the more remarkable, as Theurdank's work, in 1517, has hitherto been considered as the first in which such letters occur: for as Albert Durer not only affixed his initials to all the designs contained in it, but also placed the date of the year 1515 beside them, this is a sufficient proof, that the printing of the Prayer-Book was finished in that year, if not earlier. The place where it was printed cannot be precisely determined ; but there is every reason to believe, that it first saw the light at Augsburg or Nürnberg. The letters of the Prayer-Book bear a great resemblance to those of Theurdank in regard to shape and clearness, except that in the former they are much longer, but not so diversified, and the flourishes not so frequent as in Theurdank. It is not improbable that the Emperor Maximilian the First, when he resided in the year 1517 at Nürnberg, and honoured the artists of that city with his visits, saw this Prayer-Book, and caused Theurdank to be executed in the same manner by John Schönsperger, printer, of Augsburg, whom he removed to Nürnberg, solely on account of Theurdank. I have already thrown out this idea in the *Beyträge zur Geschichte und Literatur*, chiefly collected from the Royal Central Library at Munich, by Baron Von Aretin, (Munich, 1805, Part I. p. 87;) and also in my

Observations on the Edition of Theurdank of 1517, *and on the Flourishes which occur in it.*

To the possessors of Albert Durer's designs it would be an acceptable addition, if the publisher had attached to them the text of the Prayer-Book, as it would then have been much easier to comprehend their meaning, which is frequently very obscure without the text.

The publication of the text would, however, be attended with some difficulties, because it is not complete. The loss of a few leaves is evident, from the circumstance of some being numbered at the bottom, and these numbers not corresponding with the extant printed leaves. Thus, for instance, the printed leaf 6 is marked with the written number 8; 7, with 9; 11, with 13; 12, with 14; 13, with 15; 18, with 20; 21, with 27; 22, with 28; 23, with 29; 29, with 35; 34, with 40; 35, with 41; 39, with 45; 45, with 51; 46, with 52; 58, with 70; 59, with 71.

As the whole work thus consists of 62 printed leaves, it follows that the 62d must have borne the number 74, and that of course 13 leaves are wanting. To be convinced at once of this deficiency, we need only look at the back of the 56th printed leaf, which is the last of Durer's designs; for there commences the 99th Psalm: Jubilate Deo omnis terra: servite Domino in lætitia, &c.: and proceeds to the 3d verse: Scitote quoniam Dominus ipse est Deus: ipse fecit nos, et non ipsi nos. Then follow four blank leaves. With the 57th printed leaf begin the designs of Lucas Cranach*, with the text: Lætabuntur in cubilibus suis: which is the conclusion of the 5th verse of the 149th Psalm. The deficient text, therefore, extends from the 4th verse of the 99th Psalm to the end of that Psalm: then the 62d and 63d Psalms are wholly wanting; also Canticum trium puerorum:—Benedicite omnia opera Domini Domino: the 148th and 149th Psalms to the 5th verse: Exaltabunt sancti in gloria.

It is evident that the original of this Prayer-Book has long been defective, from the remote period at which the five blank leaves at the beginning, and the four blank leaves following the 56th, were introduced on account of this deficiency. It is to be presumed that originally this copy had a printed title-page, which has been lost, together with the missing leaves.

J. B. Bernhart,
Keeper of the Royal Library.

Munich, June 17, 1817.

DESIGNS

In Albert Durer's *Prayer-Book.*

Portrait of Albert Durer, from an original painting in the Schleissheim Gallery.

I. Arabesque: a Man playing on the Hautboy. The Rubric: Sui ipsius in Deum commendatio.

II. St. Barbara. (De S. Barbara.)

III. St. Sebastian, as the Saint who protects from Pestilence, denoted by the Dragon. (De S. Sebastiano)

IV. St. George lifting the Dragon which he has killed. (De St. Georgio.)

V. A Sick Physician with the Urine-Glass. (Propriæ suæ fragilitas cum gratiarum actione in Deum cognitio.)

VI. Vision of John the Evangelist. (Evangelium Johannis.)

VII. A Knight drawing his Sword against Death. (Quicunque hanc orationem devote dixerit, eadem oratio in agone mortis suæ sibi in memoriam veniet et adjumentum et consolationem præstabit.)

VIII. The Beneficent Man. (Pro benefactoribus interpellatio.)

IX. Two Musicians, a Hermit, the Lion fight-

* These designs, six in number, are not given in my copy.—*R. A.*

ing with an Insect. (Ps. 8. Constituisti hominem super opera manuum tuarum.)

X. King David playing on the Harp. (Psalmus de Profundis.) On the opposite side the Unicorn; a type of the Prophecies concerning the Blessed Virgin in the Psalms.

XI. Ecce Homo! (Post elevationem corporis et sanguinis D. N. Jesu Christi. Domine J. C. qui mundum universum proprio sanguine redemisti.)

XII. A Candelabrum, held by two hovering Genii. (Ps. 50.)

XIII. The Trinity. (Sanctæ Trinitatis supplex invocatio. Quia peccatores salvare venisti, miserere mihi peccatori.)

XIV. St George on Horseback. (De S. Georgio. Latin Hymn.)

XV. St. Apollonia. (De S. Appolonia.)

XVI. St. Matthias. (De S. Mathia.)

XVII. St. Andrew. (De S. Andrea.)

XVIII. St. Maximilian. (De S. Maximiliano.)

XIX. The Pride of the Devil humbled: below, the Procession of one of the Mighty of the Earth; above, Christ in tranquil greatness, as the true Emblem of Power. The Child with the Hobby-horse, as first Leader of the Royal Car, seems not to have been placed there by chance. (Contra Potentes.)

XX. A Group of Fighting Men: on the side of the weaker party (compare Nos. 21 and 40), an Angel praying. (Quando bellum adeundum est, duo psalmi dicendi.)

XXI. A similar group; an Angel with a Censer. (Psalmus Davidis. Expugna impugnantes me.)

XXII. and XXIII. The Annunciation of Mary. (Here begin the Horæ intemeratæ Virginis Mariæ secundum usum Romanæ Curiæ. The anger of the Devil is excited by Christ's becoming man.)

XXIV. The Taking of Christ. (Quomodo Judæi perterriti ceciderunt in terram.)

XXV. An armed Man: underneath, a Fox enticing Fowls. (Pater noster. Probably in reference to the "Memento comprehensionis et temptationis tuæ," or to the "Ne nos inducas in tentationem.")

XXVI. A Warrior on Horseback pursued by Death. (Hymnus: Quem terra, pontus, æthera.)

XXVII. The Souls in Purgatory. (Preces pro animabus fidelium parentum meorum defunctorum, &c.)

XXVIII. Fight of Hercules with the Harpies. (Psalmus, Cœli enarrant.)

XXIX. An Indian Warrior. (Psalmus 23. "Domini est terra et universi qui habitant in ea.")

XXX. An Arab with a Camel. (Psalmus 44. Perhaps allusive to the passage, "Et filiæ Tyri in muneribus; vultum tuum deprecabuntur omnes divites.)

XXXI. A Man Sleeping. (Psalmus 86; of quite martial import, perhaps referring to "Propterea non timebimus dum turbabitur terra.)

XXXII. An Arabesque. (Psalmus 95.)

XXXIII. Hercules killing the Lion: underneath, a drunken Man. Iste Psalmus (196), et alii duo dicuntur diebus Mercurii et Sabati.

XXXIV. An armed Man: below, a Woman asleep. (Psalmus 69.)

XXXV. An Orchestra. (Psalmus 97. Cantate Domino canticum novum. "Psallite Domino in cythara et voce psalmi, in tubis ductilibus et voce tubæ corneæ.")

XXXVI. Mary at Prayer, crowned by an Angel. (Benedictio. Precibus et meritis beatissimæ Virginis Mariæ.)

XXXVII. The Housewife returning from Market:—perhaps Durer's own brawling wife.

XXXVIII. An Angel praying: below, Bacchus or Silenus. (Lectio secunda. "Et in plenitudine sanctorum detentio mea.") The lower part forms a fine contrast with the angel and the rising eagle.

XXXIX. An Arabesque, without reference.

XL. St. Augustin, or St. Ambrose: below, the Infant Jesus (Hymnus Sanctorum Ambrosii et Augustini.)

XLI An Angel praying: underneath, two Men fighting. (Ad laudes: "Deus in adjutorium meum intende.")

XLII. Perhaps an Apotheosis of the Artist. The Napkin of Veronica, as a symbol of picturesque representation. (Psalm. 92.)

XLIII. A Group of Four Dancers. (Psalmus 99. "Jubilate Deo omnis terra; servite Domino in lætitia.")

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Les Suivantes, No. I.—Sonate pour le Forte-Piano, composé, et dedié à Mons. le Baron Nicolas de Kruft, par J. B. Cramer. Op. 57. Pr. 5s.

In this age of rondos, divertimentos, variations, "recreations," and other knick-knacks of light digestion, it does one's heart good to

behold, now and then, some more substantial fare; and the feast is exquisite when we obtain it at the hands of such a master as Mr. Cramer. His sonata before us, and the pledge of a succession of others, demand the thanks of the select few that know how to appreciate good music. It is an elaborate, a finished performance, which ranks with his best works; and consists of an allegro in C, an andantino in F, and a rondo in C. The innumerable excellencies of these movements must be heard to be appreciated; to describe them by letter-press would require the powers of a better pen than ours, and after all, perhaps, convey but a meagre idea of the original. How, for instance, could the most expert musical critic render his readers sensible of, and do justice to, the incomparable texture of the 7th page of the allegro; or depict the charming subject of the andantino, its admirable treatment and keeping? What an abyss of distance between such a production, and hundreds of cotemporary daubs, that meet our eye to receive the sentence of suppression; and whose authors, on seeing such a sonata, ought not only to make a solemn vow not to write another demisemiquaver, but to ask pardon of the Delian god for having ever committed to pewter a monument of their dulness and ignorance. We ought to add, that it requires a high progress in the art to perform this sonata well.

No. II. *Easy Duet for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Gisborn*, by C. L. Lithander. Op. 7. Pr. 3s.

A very agreeable allegro in G, a sweet andante (pastorale) in C, and an allegretto in G. This duet, like its predecessor noticed last month, deserves high commendation in every respect. We seldom, if ever, saw music that combined in so great a degree *extreme facility of execution* with attractive melodiousness and selectness of style.

Air Russe, arranged with Variations for the Piano-Forte, and dedicated to Miss Susannah Cuthbert, by Ferd. Ries. Op. 73. No. I. Pr. 3s.

To travel *sans gêne* from minor to major and vice versà, to begin in one key and end in another, &c. are the rude characteristics of Russian songs: with such a melody the Cossack will win the favour of his Tetiana as surely as the more softened and regular strains of the Italian lover, with the concordant arpeggios of the guitar, make their way to the heart of *mio bene*. Mr. Ries's thema is of the former grotesque kind, and bears indisputable intrinsic evidence of its authenticity. The same singularity of style naturally prevails in the eleven variations reared upon this subject, and this adherence to the theme has, in our opinion, not been maintained without surmounting occasional difficulties. Whatever consummate ingenuity and skill were capable of performing, Mr. R. has successfully achieved. The nature of the subject, and its predominating minor key, at the same time, seem to have coloured the variations with a tinge of melancholy, which their number renders so particularly striking that we feel quite pleased when the relative major comes to put us in better spirits. The effective accompaniment in

the 1st variation, the fine syncopations in the second, the capital bass evolutions in the 5th, the polacca var. 11. and many other features of interest, will be found worthy of Mr. Ries's name.

Beethoven's grand Symphony in D, arranged for two Performers on the Piano-Forte, and dedicated to his friend C. Neate, by W. Watts. Pr. 8s.

Without enlarging on the excellency of this gigantic production of the great Beethoven, we feel bound to thank Mr. Watts for the judgment, labour, and infinite care which he has employed in giving it the form of a duo for the piano-forte. A glance at both parts of the larghetto may serve to vouch our assertion in the most forcible manner, although by quoting this movement, we would not wish to be thought depreciating the arrangement of the others. To compress a full score of Beethoven's is of itself an arduous undertaking. Mr. W. has discharged this difficult task in a manner which must convince the connoisseur, that he understood and felt the spirit and depth of his original.

"Les Plaisirs de la Chasse," a Divertisement for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to his friend John Harper, Esq. by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 3s.

Three movements in E♭: a short adagio, an allegretto-pastorale, and a piece founded upon the popular air, "Hark, the hollow woods resounding," in allegretto time, we presume from the words "*non troppo*" prefixed to it; a direction somewhat obscure without the addition of one of the epithets referring to time. This publication has given us much satisfaction: it maintains throughout the character proclaimed by the title, combines with this unity of design a fanciful variety, proceeds in a chaste style, without affectation, and yet without the slightest tinge of triviality; evinces a correct taste, sound and cultivated principles of harmony, and does not vex the performer with awkward passages. It is precisely what we would wish such a composition to be, and we dismiss it with our best recommendations as a pleasing and useful piece for practice.

"Filles du Hameau," the favourite French Air sung by the Misses De Lihu, arranged for the Piano-Forte, and dedicated to Miss Hennings, by F. Kalkbrenner. Pr. 4s.

Two movements: an introduction (allegro) in G, and an allegretto in the same key, setting out with the theme abovementioned, and in substance founded upon it. This French air, and the fine low notes of one of the Misses Lihu, who sang the second, are perfectly in our recollection. Mr. K. has treated this subject with a degree of taste and fanciful ease which, in our opinion, gives to the arrangement greater interest, than the theme itself conveys. Some very select ideas present themselves in the latter part of *p.* 6. We equally applaud the manner in which the air is resumed *p.* 8, and made to merge into the key of B♭ in the ninth page; which latter we deem altogether the most clever and attractive in this publication. The introduction we had almost lost sight of: it is conceived in a very good style, and among other features of interest, exhibits a very

pleasing dolce in A b, from which the author, with the best effect, drops into four sharps, and thence into the original key of G. This composition lies kindly to both hands.

Fragments, containing six original Pieces for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Charles James Stephenson, Esq. by W. Eavestaff. Pr. 5s.

The detached pieces contained in this book consist of three minuets with trios, a short allegro, a siciliana, and an andante cantabile. All of these rank above mediocrity, and some possess superior merit. The first minuet is excellent; it presents a geniality of melody and keeping which reminds us of Beethoven's manner. The allegro, No. 2. is formed upon a charming subject, and well conducted altogether. The siciliana, No. 4. we also deem very interesting, especially its last two strains, which are variations of the theme, expressed in smoothly connected quick notes. In *p.* 6, *l.* 2, the last bar but one wants the bass cleff; and in *p.* 10, *b.* 2, the 5th and 6th quavers are objectionably supported by octaves. As these fragments are not very difficult, they appear to us well adapted for the desk of the student who can appreciate good music.

Select Melodies, with Variations for the Flute and Piano-Forte, composed by C. Nicholson and J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 3s.

The chaste melody of "Cease your funning" serves here as the theme to five variations, in which the flute evidently acts the principal, and the piano-forte a subordinate part; although the latter is frequently so well interwoven with leading passages, that it seems to dispute the supremacy with its rival. This is conspicuously the case in var. 2. and 5. which, although cast in continued responses, might be executed by either instrument alone. Var. 4. is a tender and expressive adagio, in which the flute executes an elegant cadence. A neat and rapid performer on the latter instrument is essential.

A Collection of Chaunts, Psalm Tunes, and Hymns, set to Harmony in four Parts, with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-Forte, including a few Chaunts and an Anthem, composed by W. Clarke. Pr. 7s. 6d.; without the Chaunts, 4s.

We have every reason to be satisfied with this volume of sacred music. The selection of the tunes has been judiciously made, and the harmonic arrangement is proper. In the pieces for four parts the author has entirely excluded the C cleffs, by substituting the treble or violin cleff for the alto part, and the bass cleff for the tenor part; in such manner, however, that each of these two staves exhibits the true note or sound, not its octave. His reason, we are sorry to say, is not without its force; the C cleffs become daily less used, and their knowledge, we fear, will soon be confined to professional singers. In an appendix, a second soprano part has been added, to be sung in lieu of the tenor *and* alto parts, if four voices are not to be had.

Triumphal Procession of their H. R. H. the Prince Regent and the Duke of York, with his Grace the Duke of Wellington, over the Waterloo Bridge; a descriptive Piece, in

which are introduced favourite Airs of the Operas of " Le Nozze di Figaro" and " Il Don Giovanni," composed, and dedicated to the Marquis of Anglesea, by W. Grosse. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The air " Non piu andrai farfallone amoroso" serves to accompany the above illustrious personages into the barges, the music next expressing the acclamations of the people, and the ascent up the steps of the bridge. A pretty minuet follows, to depict the Prince Regent's gracious acknowledgment of British loyalty; and a march of considerable effect conducts the procession along the bridge. This accomplished, the party, and the spectators at large, shape the course homeward to the tune of " Giovinette che fatte all' amore" (*Don Giov.*), and the festivity concludes with a hymn addressed to the heroes of Waterloo. As an occasional effusion, this publication is creditable to the author, whose loyal pen seems to be indefatigable in the celebration of the laurels earned by the British nation and his own at Waterloo.

Beauties of Mozart, partly taken from MSS. in his own hand-writing; arranged for the Piano-Forte by W. Grosse. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Although we will not presume to say that the three waltzes before us contain intrinsic evidence of the pen of Mozart, they appear to us of a light and agreeable texture, and quite in the character of the true waltz. The last, called the Dessauer Waltz, is the best; it combines energy of style with a considerable degree of originality.

" The Jasmine Bower," a favourite Ballad, written by the Author of " O sleep, my Love!" composed by W. H. Astor. Pr. 1s. 6d.

In the melody of this ballad, and in the accompaniment, we recognise a considerable degree of good and tasteful musical feeling, and a laudable aim at selectness: but the harmony, we are free to say, is in several instances liable to serious objection.

Hodsoll's Collection of Duets for two Performers on one Piano-Forte. No. XLII. Pr. 2s. 6d.

In this number of the above-named collection, Mr. Hook's well-known Gazsebo rondo has been arranged as a duet by Mr. Rimbault. As we have on a former occasion stated our opinion on this lively theme, we shall only add, that it has rather gained than lost by the present adaptation, which lies within the abilities of very moderate proficients.

Mozart's much-admired Overture to " Cosi fan tutte" adapted for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for a Violin, Flute, and Violoncello (ad libitum), by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s.

It has more than once been objected to Mozart, that the slow movement of this overture is far too serious and solemn for so comic an opera as *Cosi fan' tutte;* but a critic has done justice to his memory by observing, that in this movement Mozart evidently wished to propound the main feature of the fable. The four first bars express the fervent protestations of one of the lovers as to the fidelity of his mistress; the next four contain a similar boast from the other lover; and the remainder exhibits the sarcastic doubts expressed by

old Don Alfonso. Mr. R.'s arrangement, like his previous labours of this description, is satisfactory and effective, without being complicated.

Three popular French Waltzes arranged for the Piano-Forte. Pr. 1s. Published by W. Hodsoll.

Of the three waltzes before us, which are harmonized in a very plain style, the second, called *L'Eté*, is unquestionably the best; No. 1. is likewise agreeable, and well suited to the ball-room. For No. 3. *(La Trénise)* we feel no peculiar partiality.

"*Amidst the Flowers rich and gay,*" *sung by Miss O'Rielly at the Nobility's private Concerts: the Poetry by Lady Caroline Lambe; the Music composed, and respectfully dedicated to the Countess of Besborough*, by J. Nathan. Published by J. Green, music-agent, No. 28, Norfolk-street, Strand. Pr. 2s. 6d.

In the composition of this song, Mr. N. has shewn taste and judgment. It consists of two principal strains. The subject and its derivations, in A major, partake both of the waltz and polacca style, and ingratiate themselves by a playfulness of conception, tempered with softness and warmth of feeling. A more serious melody in C ※ minor intervenes in the progress of the air, and acts as a proper relief, to correspond with the more plaintive nature of the text. Its tinge is perhaps a shade too gloomy; it borders on the solemnity of sacred chaunt, but it soon merges again into the leading motivo in the major mood. *Con animato*, there, was probably meant for *Con anima*. Mr. Green, the publisher of this song, being the appointed agent for the sale of Maelzel's *Metronomes*, we cannot help wondering that his own publications should want metronomical signatures to indicate the proper time.

"*When we two parted,*" *written by the Right Hon. Lord Byron; the Music composed, and most respectfully dedicated to the Hon. Miss Townshend*, by J. Nathan. Published as above. Pr. 2s.

The elegant simplicity of this song, its appropriate key and rhythmic arrangement, together with the pathetic expression, and the originality of some of its thoughts, impart to the whole a degree of interest not often perceptible in the lyric compositions of the present day. Mr. N.'s labour, in this instance, appears to us so eminently meritorious, that we almost regret to see it bestowed upon a subject of such trifling import as the matrimonial differences between a poet and his wife, however strenuously forced upon public notice. There is one bar, *p.* 2, at "hour foretold," in which a slight disagreement occurs between the voice and the accompaniment; it is avoided in the second verse: and in the prelude, *l.* 1, the series of 4, 6, chords appears to us rather too long continued.

L'Enjouement, Introduction and Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Helen Thornhill, by J. Clarke. Pr. 1s. 6d.

L'Enjouement may be classed with those musical productions which derive their attraction less from novelty of conception, than from propriety of treatment, and an easy and agreeable connection

of the constituent parts. The passages lie well under the fingers, and shew a due degree of variety. The treble cleff is wanted in the bass staff, *p.* 5, *l.* 4, *b.* 2.

" *Oh Pescator dell' Onda,*" *a Venetian Canzonet, arranged for the Harp and Piano-Forte, and dedicated to Mrs. Pearson,* by F. Latour. Pr. 4s.

A decided nationality of character, joined to the most fascinating simplicity, have justly rendered this Venetian air a darling favourite with the public; and these merits give it every advantage as a theme for variation, to which purpose Mr. L. has here employed it. He has throughout kept close to his subject, without indulging in extraneous modulations or refinements, except that one variation exhibits the melody in the shape of a march, and another treats it as a waltz (where, by the way, the harp has erroneously $\frac{2}{4}$ instead of $\frac{3}{4}$ prefixed in the signature). Both the instruments act dialogically, are *obbligati*, and will be found free from executive difficulties to those that possess a certain degree of digital activity.

" *Where roves my Love?*" *the favourite Tambourine Song sung by Miss Tunstall at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in the grand Melodrama entitled The Viceroy, composed* by John Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

An agreeable little ballad, light in texture, but, in point of melody and time, well adapted to the poetry. Among the ideas which attracted more particularly our attention, is the expression at " Whither love, hither love," which we think highly suitable. The conclusion, " Ting, ting, ta ra," &c. is also appropriately playful. In the two symphonies an error occurs (typographical unquestionably): the second crotchet of the treble in *b.* 3, *l.* 2, *p.* 1, should be B instead of A.

" *Far, far away,*" *sung by Miss Tipton at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in the grand Melodrame called The Terrible Peak, composed* by John Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

" Far, far away," a Negro song we suppose, is as simple and unaffected as the text demands it; and yet we find a graceful ease of expression, and a connected flow in the melody, which infuse considerable interest into this production. The words, " Far, far away," are happily set; and the passage, " Dere never brother," is quite select. In the prelude, the bass beats too many monotonous quavers.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 21.—EVENING DRESS.

WHITE British net dress over a soft white satin slip. The body is composed of white satin, disposed in folds, and rich letting-in lace. The sleeve, which is very short and full, is composed of the same materials: the lace is brought very full in front of the arm, and divided by tucks into full compartments, which are finished by small pearl tassels. For the form of the body,

which is truly novel, we refer our fair readers to our print. The skirt is elegantly ornamented with two falls of broad rich blond, laid on almost plain; each fall is surmounted by a full rouleau of white satin, the fulness of which is confined by pearls twisted round it. The hair is turned up *à la Grecque* behind; it is parted in front so as to display the whole of the forehead, and disposed in light loose ringlets. Head-dress, *à la François*, a full garland of roses and fancy flowers. Necklace and earrings, topaz mixed with pearl. White satin shoes. White kid gloves, and spangled crape fan.

PLATE 22.—PROMENADE DRESS.

A high dress of jaconot muslin, richly embroidered round the bottom of the skirt. The body is composed entirely of work. Long sleeve, finished down the arm in front by *bouillons* of lace. With this dress is worn the Charlotte spencer, composed of cerulean blue satin; it is tight to the shape, the back a moderate breadth, and the waist short. The sleeve is rather wide. The trimming is extremely elegant, and it is disposed in so tasteful a manner, as to give an appearance of perfect novelty to the spencer. We are not allowed to name the materials of which it is composed. The sleeve is ornamented at the wrist, and on the shoulder to correspond. Bonnet, *à la Ninon*, composed of French willow. The crown is fancifully ornamented with the same material, cut in small squares, edged with white satin, and turned a little over at the ends. The front is very large; it displays the front hair, which is simply braided across the forehead: it is edged with puffed gauze, disposed in points, and confined by a narrow fold of white satin. A sprig of acacia ornaments it on the left side, and it is finished by white satin strings. French ruff and ruffles of rich lace. Blue or white kid shoes and gloves.

We have again to acknowledge our obligations to Miss M'Donald of 29, Great Russel-street, Bedford-square, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade dress begins now to assume a more heavy appearance. Silk pelisses and walking dresses are in high estimation, as are also poplin skirts with satin spencers to correspond in colour. Muslin dresses are still considered fashionable, but they are not generally worn without a spencer, scarf, or a shawl. Among the latter, those in white silk are considered most elegant; they are richly embroidered at each corner, and finished by a deep fringe.

The most tasteful autumnal pelisse which has fallen under our observation for some years, is one composed of queen's silk of the colour of the dead leaf; it is lined with white sarsnet, and trimmed with satin to correspond with the pelisse. The back is plain in the middle, but very full at each side, where the fulness is disposed in folds, which are crossed with cord, and each of these crossings is finished by a small light silk tuft. The front is tight to the shape. The sleeve, which is looser than they have been worn lately, is finished at the wrist by a trimming

to correspond with that of the skirt, and ornamented at the shoulder by *mancherons* extremely full; the fulness is confined by broad bands of satin, each band finished at bottom by a tuft. Plain satin collar. The trimming, which we should observe goes all round the pelisse, is exceedingly pretty; it is a mixture of satin and light chenille trimming, disposed in the form of a pine-apple. A silk cordon, to correspond, finishes this tasteful pelisse.

Striped silk dresses, with triple flounces of gauze, each flounce scolloped at the edge, which is bound with narrow ribbon to correspond, are much in favour for the dress, promenade, or carriage costume. The bodies of these dresses are made high, but without collars. Some ladies wear with them a plain collar of rich lace, which falls over; others have a *collerette* composed of blond, British net, or white gauze edged to correspond with the flounce. This last fashion is most general.

With respect to hats and bonnets, modish invention seems to be rather at a stand. The only one remarkable for novelty and elegance which we have met with in our researches, we have given in our print, and it is well adapted for either a dress, promenade, or carriage head-dress. For plain walking bonnets, Leghorn made in the French shape, trimmed with a half-handkerchief of French silk, or else simply ornamented with ribbon, are much in request; they have a very neat and gentlewomanly appearance.

Cornettes, composed of gauze or net, are very generally adopted by youthful *belles* in carriage dress. One of the prettiest that we have seen is composed of white net; the crown is made nearly tight to the head, finished round the top by a full frill of net edged with pink satin, and ornamented by very narrow pipings of pink satin, which are placed byas. The border is of net edged with satin. Instead of flowers or ribbons, the crown is ornamented in front with a double frill of net edged with pink, which is rather broad, is laid on extremely full, and comes no farther than the ear at each side: it has small narrow ears, but they are mostly thrown back. This is a very pretty cap; it is smart without being glaring, and is more generally becoming than any *cornette* we have seen for some time.

Muslin still continues the only thing worn in dishabille. The trimmings of morning dresses are now almost always composed of work. Lace seems quite out of favour in morning costume, to which, unless it is very narrow, it certainly is not at all appropriate.

We have noticed a new invention for dinner dress, but it is one which we think will not be generally adopted, because, though it is really novel, it has an old-fashioned appearance. We allude to those silks which are wove round the bottom in such a manner as to imitate ribbon tucks; the effect is exactly the same.

We have just been favoured with the sight of a very pretty dinner dress: it is composed of Pomona green poplin, the body of satin to correspond. The skirt is trimmed with ribbon, brocaded in the colours of the rainbow; this ribbon

is twisted into a rouleau, which is disposed in waves, and each wave is finished by a rosette of the ribbon: nothing can be more beautiful than the effect of this simple trimming. The body, which is cut very low, is finished round the bust by *bouillons* of net, each *bouillon* formed by a narrow rouleau of twisted ribbon. Net long sleeves *bouillloned* at the wrist. A very full half-sleeve, the fulness confined by three rouleaus of ribbon, which terminates in a point at bottom, and is finished by a rosette. The effect of this dress is strikingly elegant.

Though silks and poplins are considered elegant for dinner dress, white is still more fashionable. The skirts, bosoms, and sleeves of dresses are profusely ornamented with lace, and the bodies are composed entirely of work.

Crape and *tulle* are in much estimation for full dress, but British net is still more in request: these light materials are always worn over white satin. Light-coloured satins, or plain white satin, are also much in favour. Blond or embroidery is most fashionable for trimmings.

In full dress, tocques and turbans continue to be worn as much as ever by matronly ladies; but youthful *belles* appear to give a preference to flowers: corn-flowers are particularly in estimation; small diadems composed of different flowers are also in request. For *grand costume*, sprigs of pearl representing a flower, the heart of which is a coloured stone, with a profusion of leaves formed of pearl, are much worn. When a sprig of this kind forms the head-dress, the necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets always correspond. The necklace is composed of four or five rows of pearl, which form a chain; the flowers are placed at regular distances of about three inches.

Though still so early in the season, coral begins to be much worn in half-dress jewellery; but gold ornaments appear to have the preference.

Fashionable colours are, rose-colour, Pomona green, lilac, dark green, and blue.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Sept. 19, 1817.

My dear SOPHIA,

I HAVE been thinking of you for some days past, and wishing that I could send you a score or two of head-dresses, for really it is almost impossible for description alone to give you an idea of the astonishing versatility of French taste in that particular.

At this moment crape and *gros de Naples* are the favourite materials for hats, and cambric and sprigged muslin for *capotes*. Crape hats still continue to be ornamented by loops of straw, and a quilling of *tulle*, which is put on as full as possible and cut byas, goes round the edge. White straw decorates yellow crape, and yellow straw white crape.

Lilac is also a colour much in request; there is a great number of *chapeaux* composed of it: but what will you say when I tell you, that these hats are lined with yellow sa-

tin, and trimmed with immense bunches of China asters of the same glaring colour? Light green and lilac, and dark blue and light green, are also favourite contrasts. The effect of this mixture of colours to a person unaccustomed to them, is truly ridiculous. There is, however, a certain something in the manner of putting those hats on, and a jauntee air in the *tout-ensemble*, which please one in spite of the evidently bad taste with which the head is decorated. The *capotes* are much prettier; they are in general composed either of *perkale* or sprigged muslin: those of *gros de Naples* are only partially worn. It occurs to me at this moment, that you do not know that what we call a hat is of the same shape as bonnets are with you, and *capotes* differ very little from them in form. The high-crowned hats with narrow brims are quite exploded, and have been for some time. As to the others, the crowns are all of a moderate height, the brims of the *chapeaux* very deep, and made in general to stand out a good deal from the face. Some of the *capotes* are precisely of the same shape, but others have a close front, something in the style of your cottage bonnets, only round at the ears, and a caul like that of a night-cap tacked in. A band of the same material, edged with ribbon, is frequently placed round the caul, and a large bunch of ribbon, or sometimes China asters or roses, put on one side.

Some *capotes* are ornamented with an Iris scarf composed of raw silk, which is pinned over the crown; the ends of the scarf are passed through spaces left between the brim and the crown, and tied under the chin in a loose bow. The *capotes* composed of muslin are invariably decorated with that material only, and they have on that account a more ladylike appearance than any of the other head-dresses. Sometimes a handkerchief *à la Marmotte*, that is to say, pinned carelessly across the crown, and the ends fastened under the chin, with a quilling of blond, of lace, or worked-muslin round the front, is the only ornament of one of these bonnets. Sometimes they are decorated with full bunches of muslin formed into the shape of heads of endive, and tied under the chin by white strings.

Chapeaux are ornamented with flowers of various descriptions, but China asters, of all colours and in large bunches, are most in favour; bunches of roses also, which are frequently of four or five different colours, are in request. But enough, and perhaps you will say too much, about *la tête*; let me now speak of the few changes which have taken place in dresses since I wrote last.

There is nothing worn but muslin either for morning, dinner, or evening dress, unless when the latter is intended for *grand costume*. I have nothing striking to describe to you in dishabille; but I saw a few days ago a very pretty dinner dress, which, with a little alteration, would be considered in England as a neat morning dress. It is composed of jaconot muslin, trimmed round the bottom of the skirt with a double row of leaves in embroidery, and a narrow pointed lace; above this is a row of clear muslin Spanish puffs, let in at little distances from each other; these are surmounted by a row of embroidery,

MUSLIN PATTERNS

above which is a second row of puffs and a row of embroidery. The body has a very formal appearance, as the front, which is tight to the shape, is plaited as small as possible; the back is quite plain. The sleeve long, and finished at the top by a half-sleeve formed of a double row of slashes. A pink scarf, composed of raw silk, was tied round the waist in short bows and very long ends; and an immense large ruff enveloped the throat, and partially concealed the lower part of the chin.

This dress, with the omission of the scarf, and some other little alterations, would really form a very pretty morning dress, especially if it were worn with the *bonnet de paysanne,* which is a pretty simple cap of the mob kind: it is composed of clear muslin, with a very full border, which turns up in front, and is fastened back by a bow of pink ribbon. A small pink and white silk handkerchief is pinned, in a careless bow and ends, at the left side. I recommend this cap to your notice, my Sophia; it is singularly becoming to pretty animated brunettes, like yourself.

Nothing can be more simple than the form of evening dress: a few deep tucks, or a single row of Spanish puffs, surmounted perhaps by some rouleaus of satin, ornament the skirt. The body is cut down behind, and also round the bosom, in a very indelicate style: it is open in fact behind almost to the bottom of the waist, from whence it is brought with a little fulness on each side to the shoulder. The sleeve is full, very short, and confined to the arm by a narrow band, which does not appear. Some ladies ornament the sleeves and bosom with *tulle,* but their number is few.

Coral is beginning to be in high favour; our *élégantes,* who don't trouble themselves much about consistency in the arrangement of their ornaments, frequently wear it mingled with costly gems. Small coral hearts set in gold, and suspended to a necklace of mingled coral and gold, are at present in high estimation.

Tocques are still worn in full dress; but those with fronts in the form of a diadem, are quite exploded. The most fashionable are made of crape or *tulle,* disposed in folds round the crown, and with a small full front, the fulness generally confined by strings of pearl or coral. They are sometimes ornamented with plumes of *Marabouts,* but more generally with garlands of flowers: youthful belles in general decorate their hair with flowers only. Lilac and yellow are the colours most in favour.

Adieu, dear Sophia! Ever your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 20.—A FRENCH BED.

THE annexed plate represents a superb canopy and sofa-bed: the draperies are of silk, and ornamented with the lace and fringe which are so admirable an imitation of gold; the linings are of lilac and buff. A muslin embroidered drapery is applied as a covering in

the daytime. There is an elegant simplicity united with so much richness in this design, that our readers will perceive it is adapted to chambers in the first style of decoration.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

SONG IN PRAISE OF MALVERN.

(From CHAMBERS's *History of Malvern.*)

THE following old song in praise of Malvern had not, before Dr. M. Wall published it, been circulated in Worcester, except in manuscript. There are many circumstances which seem to establish the common opinion of its antiquity. If this opinion be well founded—upon which subject perhaps popular tradition is stronger than any other argument—the song may be considered as one of the earliest records of the medicinal virtue and purity of the waters of this place. In the copy which Dr. Wall transcribed some years ago, it was said to have been written soon after the year 1600; which is probably not far from the exact date, if we may judge from the style and the allusions to the deer in the chase, the adjoining woods, &c. Mr. Barrett affirms that these lines were composed by the parish clerk about the year 1590. "It is, however, I believe," he continues, "not very generally known at what time it was first written."

1.

As I did walk alone,
Late in an evening,
I heard the voice of one
Most sweetly singing;
Which did delight me much,
Because the song was such,
And ended with a touch,
O praise the Lord!

2.

The God of sea and land
That rules above us,
Stays his avenging hand
'Cause he doth love us;
And doth his blessings send,
Although we do offend:
Then let us all amend,
And praise the Lord!

3.

Great Malvern, on a rock.
Thou standest surely;
Doe not thyself forget,
Living securely:
Thou hast of blessings store,
No country town hath more;
Do not forget, therefore,
To praise the Lord!

4.

Thou hast a famous church,
And rarely builded;
No country town hath such—
Most men have yielded,
For pillars stout and strong,
And windows large and long:
Remember in thy song
To praise the Lord!

5.

There is God's service read
With rev'rence duely;
There is his word preached
Learned and truely;
And ev'ry Sabbath-day
Singing of psalms they say;
It's sure the only way
To praise the Lord!

6.

The sun in glory great,
When first it riseth,
Doth bless thy happy seat,
And thee adviseth,

That then it's time to pray,
That God may bless thy way,
And keepe thee all the day
To praise the Lord!

7.

That thy prospect is good
None can deny thee:
Thou hast great store of wood
Growing hard by thee,
Which is a blessing great,
To roast and boil thy meat,
And thee in cold to heat:
O praise the Lord!

8.

Preserve it, I advise,
Whilst that thou hast it;
Spare not in any wise,
But doe not waste it:
Least thou repent too late,
Remember Hanley's fate*,
In time shut up thy gate,
And praise the Lord!

9.

A chase for royal deer
Round doth beset thee;
Too many doe I fear
For aught they get thee:
Yet, though they eat away
Thy corn, thy grass, and hay,
Doe not forget, I say,
To praise the Lord!

10.

That noble chase doth give
Thy beasts their feeding,
Where they in summer live
With little heeding;
Thy sheep and swine there go,
So doth thy horse also,
Till winter brings in snow:
Then praise the Lord!

11.

Turne up thine eyes on highe,
There fairly standing,
See Malverne's highest hill
All hills commanding;
They all confess at will,
Their sovereign Malverne hill—
Let it be mighty still!
O praise the Lord!

* Hanley Castle, which came by marriage to Richard the great Earl of Warwick and Salisbury, who being attainted of high treason, lost his life, and his estates were forfeited to the crown.

12.

When western winds do rock
Both town and country,
Thy hill doth break the shock,
They cannot hurt thee;
When waters great abound,
And many a country's drown'd,
Thou standest safe and sound:
O praise the Lord!

13.

Out of that famous hill
There daily springeth
A water passing still,
Which always bringeth
Great comfort to all them
That are diseased men,
And makes them well again,
To praise the Lord!

14.

Hast thou a wound to heal,
The which doth grieve thee?
Come then unto this well,
It will relieve thee;
Noli me tangeres,
And other maladies,
Have here their remedies,
Praised be the Lord!

15.

To drinke thy waters, store
Lie in the bushes*,
Many with ulcers sore,
Many with bruises;
Who succour find from ill,
By money given still,
Thanks to the christian will:
O praise the Lord!

16.

A thousand bottles there
Were filled weekly,
And many costrels rare
For stomachs sickly;
Some of them into Kent,
Some were to London sent,
Others to Berwick went:
O praise the Lord!

* Though modern visitors do not now lie in *bushes*, yet so crowded was Malvern one season, that a lady of rank and fashion, with her equipage and servants, was actually obliged to be sent to the workhouse. It is now the custom during the season to let this house to visitors, and the money gained this way is applied to the funds for maintaining the poor.

FELTON THE POLITICAL ASSASSIN.

(From D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature,* vol. III.)

Felton, the assassin of the Duke of Buckingham, by the growing republican party, was hailed as a Brutus, rising, in the style of a patriotic bard,

Refulgent from the stroke.—Akenside.

Gibbon has thrown a shade of suspicion even over Brutus's "godlike stroke," as Pope has exalted it. In Felton, a man acting from mixed and confused motives, the political martyr is entirely lost in the contrite penitent; he was, however, considered in his own day as being almost beyond humanity. Mrs. Macauley has called him "a lunatic," because the duke had not been assassinated on the right principle. His motives appeared even inconceivable to his contemporaries; for Sir Henry Wotton, who has written a life of the Duke of Buckingham, observes, that "what may have been the immediate or greatest motive of that felonious conception (the duke's assassination), is even yet in the clouds." After ascertaining that it was not private revenge, he seems to conclude that it was Dr. Egglesheim's furious "libel," and the "remonstrance" of the parliament, which, having made the duke "one of the foulest monsters upon earth," worked on the dark imagination of Felton.

From Felton's memorable example, and some similar ones, one observation occurs worth the notice of every minister of state who dares the popular odium he has raised. Such a minister will always be in present danger of a violent termination to his career; for, however he may be convinced, that there is not political virtue enough in a whole people to afford "the godlike stroke," he will always have to dread the arm of some melancholy enthusiast, whose mind, secretly agitated by the public indignation, directs itself solely on him. It was some time after having written this reflection, that I discovered the following notice of the Duke of Buckingham in the unpublished life of Sir Symonds D'Ewes:—"Some of his friends had advised him how generally he was hated in England, and how needful it would be for his greater safety to wear some coat of mail, or some other secret defensive armour; which the duke slighting, said, 'It needs not, there are no Roman spirits left.'"

An account of the contemporary feelings which sympathised with Felton, and almost sanctioned the assassin's deed, I gather from the MS. letters of the times. The public mind, through a long state of discontent, had been prepared for, and not without an obscure expectation, of the mortal end of Buckingham. It is certain the duke received many warnings, which he despised. The assassination kindled a tumult of joy throughout the nation, and a state libel was written in strong characters in the faces of the people. The passage of Felton to London, after the assassination, seemed a triumph. Now pitied, and now blessed, mothers held up their children to behold the saviour of the country;

and an old woman exclaimed as Felton passed her, with a scriptural allusion to his short stature, and the mightiness of Buckingham, "God bless thee, little David!" Felton was nearly sainted before he reached the metropolis. His health was the reigning toast among the republicans. A character somewhat remarkable, Alexander Gill (usher under his father, Dr. Gill, master of St. Paul's school), who was the tutor of Milton, and his dear friend afterwards, and, perhaps, from whose impressions in early life Milton derived his vehement hatred of Charles, was committed by the Star-Chamber, heavily fined, and sentenced to lose his ears, on three charges, one of which arose from drinking a health to Felton. At Trinity College, Gill said that the king was fitter to stand in a Cheapside shop, with an apron before him, and say, "What lack ye?" than to govern a kingdom; that the duke was gone down to hell to see King James; and, drinking a health to Felton, added, he was sorry Felton had deprived him of the honour of doing that brave act*. In the taste of that day, they contrived a political anagram of his name, to express the immoveable self-devotion he shewed after the assassination, never attempting to escape; and John Felton, for the nonce, was made to read, *Noh! flie not!*

But while Felton's name was echoing through the kingdom, our new Brutus was at that moment exhibiting a piteous spectacle of remorse: so different often is the real person himself from the ideal personage of the public. The assassination, with him, was a sort of theoretical one, depending, as we shall shew, on four propositions: so that, when the king's attorney, as the attorney-general was then called, had furnished the unhappy criminal with an unexpected argument, which appeared to him to have overturned his, he declared that he had been in a mistake; and, lamenting that he had not been aware of it before, from that instant his conscientious spirit sunk into despair. In the open court he stretched out his arm, offering it, as the offending instrument, to be first cut off; he requested the king's leave to wear sackcloth about his loins, to sprinkle ashes on his head, to carry a halter about his neck, in testimony of repentance; and that he might sink to the lowest point of contrition, he insisted on asking pardon not only of the duchess, the duke's mother, but even of the duke's scullion-boy; and a man naturally brave, was seen always shedding tears, so that no one could have imagined that Felton had been "a stout soldier." These particulars were given by one of the divines who attended him, to the writer of the MS. letter*.

* The MS. letter giving this account observes, that the words concerning his majesty were not read in open court, but only those relating to the duke and Felton.

* Clarendon notices, that Felton was "of a gentleman's family in Suffolk, of good fortune and reputation." I find that, during his confinement, the Earl and Countess of Arundel, and Lord Maltravers their son, "he being of their blood," says the letter-writer, continually visited him, gave many proofs of their friendship, and brought his "wind-

The character of Felton must not, however, be conceived from this agonizing scene of contrition. Of melancholy and retired habits, and one of those thousand officers who had incurred disappointments, both in promotion and in arrears of pay, from the careless duke, he felt perhaps, although he denied it, a degree of personal animosity towards him. A solitary man who conceives himself injured, broods over his revenge. Felton once cut off a piece of his own finger, inclosing it in a challenge, to convince the person whom he addressed, that he valued not endangering his whole body, provided it afforded him an opportunity of vengeance. Yet, with all this, such was his love of truth and rigid honour, that Felton obtained the nick-name of "Honest Jack," one which, after the assassination, became extremely popular through the nation. The religious enthusiasm of the times had also deeply possessed his mind; and that enthusiasm, as is well known, was of a nature that might easily occasion its votary to be mistaken for a republican.

ing-sheet," for to the last they attempted to save him from being hung in chains: they did not succeed.

AUDLEY THE USURER.

(From D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. III.)

A person whose history will serve as a canvas to exhibit some scenes of the arts of the money-trader, was one Audley, a lawyer, and a great practical philosopher, who concentrated his vigorous faculties in the science of the relative value of money. He flourished through the reigns of James I. Charles I. and held a lucrative office in the Court of Wards, till that singular court was abolished at the time of the Restoration. In his own times he was called "the great Audley," an epithet so often abused, and here applied to the creation of enormous wealth. But there are minds of great capacity, concealed by the nature of their pursuits; and the wealth of Audley may be considered as the cloudy medium through which a bright genius shone, of which, had it been thrown into a nobler sphere of action, the "greatness" would have been less ambiguous.

This genius of thirty per cent. first had proved the decided vigour of his mind, by his enthusiastic devotion to his law studies: deprived of his leisure for study through his busy day, he stole the hours from his late nights and his early mornings; and without the means to procure a law-library, he invented a method to possess one without the cost: as fast as he learned, he taught; and, by publishing some useful tracts on temporary occasions, he was enabled to purchase a library. He appears never to have read a book without its furnishing him with some new practical design, and he probably studied too much for his own particular advantage. Such devoted studies was the way to become a lord-chancellor; but the science of the law was here subordinate to that of a money-trader.

When yet but a clerk to the clerk in the counter, frequent opportu-

nities occurred which Audley knew how to improve. He became a money-trader as he had become a law-writer, and the fear and follies of mankind were to furnish him with a trading capital. The fertility of his genius appeared in expedients and in quick contrivances. He was sure to be the friend of all men falling out. He took a deep concern in the affairs of his master's clients, and often much more than they were aware of. No man so ready at procuring bail or compounding debts. This was a considerable traffic then, as now. They hired themselves out for bail, swore what was required, and contrived to give false addresses. It seems they dressed themselves out for the occasion: a great seal-ring flamed on the finger, which, however, was pure copper gilt, and often assumed the name of some person of good credit. Savings, and small presents for gratuitous opinions, often afterwards discovered to be very fallacious ones, enabled him to purchase annuities of easy landholders, with their treble amount secured on their estates. The improvident owners, or the careless heirs, were entangled in the usurer's nets; and, after the receipt of a few years, the annuity, by some latent quibble, or some irregularity in the payments, usually ended in Audley's obtaining the treble forfeiture. He could at all times out-knave a knave. One of these incidents has been preserved. A draper of no honest reputation, being arrested by a merchant for a debt of 200*l.* Audley bought the debt at 40*l.* for which the draper immediately offered him 50*l.* But Audley would not consent, unless the draper indulged a sudden whim of his own: this was a formal contract, that the draper should pay within twenty years, upon twenty certain days, a penny doubled. A knave, in haste to sign, is no calculator; and, as the contemporary dramatist describes one of the arts of those citizens, one part of whose business was,

> "To swear and break: they all grow rich by breaking!"

the draper eagerly compounded. He afterwards "grew rich." Audley, silently watching his victim, within two years claims his doubled pennies, every month during twenty months. The pennies had now grown up to pounds. The knave perceived the trick, and preferred paying the forfeiture of his bond for 500*l.* rather than to receive the visitation of all the little generation of compound interest in the last descendant of 2000*l.* which would have closed with the draper's shop. The inventive genius of Audley might have illustrated that popular tract of his own times, Peacham's *Worth of a Penny*; a gentleman, who, having scarcely one left, consoled himself by detailing the numerous comforts of life it might procure in the days of Charles II.

This philosophical usurer never pressed hard for his debts; like the fowler he never shook his nets lest he might startle, satisfied to have them, without appearing to hold them. With great fondness he compared his "bonds to infants, which battle best by sleeping." *To battle* is to be nourished, a term still retained at the University of Oxford. His familiar companions were all subordinate actors in the

great piece he was performing; he too had his part in the scene. When not taken by surprise, on his table usually lay opened a great Bible, with Bishop Andrews' folio Sermons, which often gave him an opportunity of railing at the covetousness of the clergy; declaring their religion was "a mere preach," and that "the time would never be well till we had Queen Elizabeth's Protestants again in fashion." He was aware of all the evils arising out of a population beyond the means of subsistence, and dreaded an inundation of men, spreading like the spawn of a cod. Hence he considered marriage, with a modern political economist, as very dangerous; bitterly censuring the clergy, whose children he said never thrived, and whose widows were left destitute. An apostolical life, according to Audley, required only books, meat, and drink, to be had for fifty pounds a year! Celibacy, voluntary poverty, and all the mortifications of a primitive Christian, were the virtues practised by this Puritan among his money-bags.

Yet Audley's was that worldly wisdom which derives all its strength from the weaknesses of mankind. Every thing was to be obtained by stratagem; and it was his maxim, that, to grasp our object the faster, we must go a little round about it. His life is said to have been one of intricacies and mysteries, using indirect means in all things: but, if he walked in a labyrinth, it was to bewilder others, for the clue was still in his own hand; all he sought was, that his designs should not be discovered by his actions. His word, we are told, was his bond; his hour was punctual; and his opinions were compressed and weighty: but, if he was true to his bond-word, it was only a part of the system to give facility to the carrying on of his trade, for he was not strict to his honour; the pride of victory, as well as the passion for acquisition, combined in the character of Audley, as in more tremendous conquerors. His partners dreaded the effects of his law-library, and usually relinquished a claim rather than stand a suit against a latent quibble. When one menaced him by shewing some money-bags, which he had resolved to empty in law against him, Audley, then in office in the Court of Wards, with a sarcastic grin, asked "Whether the bags had any bottom?"—"Aye!" replied the exulting possessor, striking them. "In that case I care not," retorted the cynical officer of the Court of Wards; "for in this court I have a constant spring; and I cannot spend in other courts more than I gain in this." He had at once the meanness which would evade the law, and the spirit which could resist it.

The career of Audley's ambition closed with the extinction of the Court of Wards, by which he incurred the loss of above 100,000*l.* On that occasion he observed, that "his ordinary losses were as the shavings of his beard, which only grew the faster by them; but the loss of this place was like the cutting off a member, which was irrecoverable." The hoary usurer pined at the decline of his genius, discoursed on the vanity of the world, and hinted at retreat. A facetious friend told him a story of an old rat, who having acquainted

the young rats that he would at length retire to his hole, desiring none to come near him, their curiosity, after some days, led them to venture to look into the hole; and there they discovered the old rat sitting in the midst of a rich Parmesan cheese. It is probable that the loss of the last 100,000*l.* disturbed his digestion, for he did not long survive his Court of Wards.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Miss Lucy Aikin is preparing for the press, *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth;* comprising a minute view of her domestic life, and notes of the manners, amusements, arts, and literature of her reign. This work is composed upon the plan of uniting with the personal history of a celebrated female sovereign, and a connected narration of the domestic events of her reign, a large portion of biographical anecdote, private memoir, and traits illustrative of an interesting period of English history. Original letters, speeches, and occasional poems are largely interspersed.

An octavo edition of Mawe's *Travels in the Brazils* will be published shortly.

The third volume of the personal Narrative of M. de Humboldt's *Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent,* during the years 1799-1804, translated by Helen-Maria Williams, is nearly ready.

Miss Anna-Maria Porter, author of The Recluse of Norway, has in the press, *The Knight of St. John,* a romance.

Mr. R. Southey is preparing for the press, a third volume of *The History of Brazil.*

An Essay on the Chemical History and Medical Treatment of Calculous Disorders, with plates, by A. Marcet, M.D. F.R.S. is in the press, and may be expected shortly.

Miss Benger is preparing for the press, *Memoirs,* with a selection from the correspondence, and other unpublished writings, *of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton,* author of Letters on Education, Agrippina, &c. in two vols. crown 8vo.

In October will appear, *An Universal History,* translated from the German of John Müller, in three vols. 8vo. This work is not a mere compendium of Universal History, but contains a philosophical inquiry into the moral, and more especially the political, causes which have given rise to the most important revolutions in the history of the human race.

Shortly will be published, *The Dauphin Virgil,* with Dr. Carey's *Clavis Metrico-Virgiliana* prefixed.

The official account of the late *Embassy to China,* by Mr. Ellis, Secretary of Legation, will be published on the 1st of October.

Miss Lefanu, the authoress of the interesting and popular novel Strathallan, has in the press a new novel, entitled *Helen Monteagle,* in three vols. which will appear early in October.

The third part of Lackington and Co.'s *Catalogue,* containing Greek and Latin classics, and books in all foreign languages, will be publish-

ed in October; and the fourth and last part at Christmas, which will contain a very large collection of divinity, and an appendix of additions to all the classes.

In the course of the present month will be published, part I. of an edition of the *Hebrew Bible* without points, to be completed in four parts; uniform with the Hebrew Bible with points published in May last.

Mr. Wilson is engaged on a new work (which will be ready for delivery in a few days), descriptive, and also illustrative by the means of diagrams, of a new and much-admired species of dancing, entitled *The Ecossoise.* This novel mode of dancing is so simple in its construction as to be easily attained, and is not only calculated to afford much pleasure to the dancers, but also to excite a pleasing interest in the spectators.

The following arrangements have been made for Lectures at the Surry Institution, during the ensuing season:

1. On *Ethics*, by the Rev. W. B. Collyer, D. D. F. S. A. and one of the Vice-Presidents of the Philosophical Society of London; to commence on Tuesday, Nov. 4, at seven o'clock in the evening, and to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday.

2. On *Chemistry*, by James Lowe Wheeler, Esq.; to commence on Friday evening, Nov. 7, and to be continued on each succeeding Friday, at the same hour.

3. On the *British Poets*, from Chaucer to Cowper, by W. Hazlitt, Esq.; to commence early in January 1818.

4. On *Music*, by W. Crotch, Mus. Doc. Professor of Music in the University of Oxford; to commence in February 1818.

A case which lately occurred in the Royal Dispensary for the Diseases of the Ear, where a boy born deaf and dumb was restored to the uses of both hearing and speech, will shew the rapid improvement in the medical practice of the present day. The pathology of the ear, neglected till of late, has now attained a vast importance by the institution of a dispensary for its diseases; and the subject of deafness being now taken up by the Royal College of Surgeons, as the theme of their annual prize, will tend to throw additional light on this interesting malady.

A gentleman in the suite of Lord Amherst has succeeded in bringing home from the East Indies a specimen of the Ouran Outang, which, as it is well known, is a native of Borneo, very difficult to be taken alive, and approaches nearer to the human form than any other species of the brute creation. This animal, considered as the first of its kind ever seen in this country, is, with the liberal permission of the owner, exhibited at Exeter 'Change for the gratification of the public. He is perfectly harmless and inoffensive, suffering visitors to examine him minutely, and possessing a degree of natural intelligence superior to any other irrational animal.

Poetry.

ECHO.

Echo! while modest blushes tinge my cheek,
Let me your answers and your love bespeak!
Echo. Speak.
In any clime does varied nature shew,
Taste more refined than — vallies know?
—— No.
Where does deep Lore unbend her brow severe,
And works of lighter genius love to hear?
—— Here.
Here liberal welcome liberal cheer decrees—
What gives that welcome higher power to please?
—— Ease.
What gilds this ease, and welcomes charms divine,
And bids the social wreath with wit entwine?
—— Wine.
What want these scenes all others to surpass,
And 'cause they something want, we sigh, alas!
—— A lass.
Echo, adieu! Adieu, hill, grove, and dell,
With taste, wit, mirth, and elegance, farewell!
Echo. Farewell.

LINES

Written at Weobly, Nov. 2, 1816.

Alas! the world is fill'd with woes:
The widow's sorrow, orphan's sigh,
And many evils less than those,
From which the wretched cannot fly.

This truth no mortal dares disown—
That pain belongs to human kind;
Since from the cottage to the throne,
In ev'ry path a thorn we find.

Amid this mournful, painful scene,
Behold a form most bright and fair!
She comes with sympathetic mien,
With tender look and graceful air.

Hail, sweet Benevolence! thy balm
Will soften what it cannot cure;
Our stormy life thy pow'r will calm,
For storms of life we must endure.

Thy hand shall gently wipe the tear,
Trickling down sorrow's pallid cheek;
Thy soothing words dispel our fear,
Utter'd by thee in accent meek.

Oh! come, and in our sea-girt isle,
Fixing thy station, make a stand;
Repair our ills, make sorrow smile,
And scatter blessings round the land!

A. M. C.

A TRIBUTE

Of sincere Friendship to the Memory of my departed Friend Mr. Leonard Wing, of Stowmarket, Suffolk, Solicitor; addressed to his Brother Mr. F. Wing, of Bury St. Edmund's. April 11, 1817.

By Mr. J. M. Lacey.

Dear Wing! amidst the multitude of woes
That now pervade thy bosom's inmost core,
My humble Muse would gently interpose,
And speak of Leonard—now, alas! no more!

Her strain must be all sorrow!—Joy has fled
From ev'ry breast that lov'd him while on earth;
He now lies mingled with the silent dead:
Far then be pleasure, far the thought of mirth!

To thee, my friend, his loss is deep indeed!
For thou hadst watch'd him from the morn of life:
No parent to advise thee in thy need;
A boy thyself, amid a world of strife.

The bud of youth, in Leonard, promis'd fair,
Each year unfolded virtues to thy view;
A dear reward for all thy kindred care,
A promise that his later life made true.

Thus manhood came, and there was not a stain
To darken hope, or check his first career;
It seem'd to pay thee, Wing, for ev'ry pain,
For ev'ry sacrifice, for ev'ry fear.

He enter'd on the world's too treacherous stage,
Adorn'd with ev'ry dignity of man;
With all youth's fire he mix'd the thought of age,
While noble-minded honour form'd each plan.

His heart was gen'rous as it was sincere;
Kind hospitality bedeck'd his home;
For want and mis'ry he had still a tear;
From rectitude's bright path he would not roam.

Thus form'd in mind, his early course began;
Goodness was his, and happiness he found;
Blest gratitude through all his feelings ran,
And benefits were his in ample round.

Industry shew'd prosperity's bright way;
Whilst active usefulness fill'd all his hours:—
Thus shone the morning of poor Leonard's day,
Thus were put forth his best, his manliest pow'rs.

But, ah! that morning scarcely had put forth
These blossomings, that promis'd years of peace,
When—as the rude wind of the blighting North
Oft bids the brightest hopes of spring-time cease—

Disease appear'd, with all her ling'ring train,
Seiz'd the fine form, where only health had dwelt,
Consign'd his ev'ry hour to anguish'd pain—
Pain, that his feeling friends, around him, felt.

Now came his highest honour: though before
Leonard was ever known as good and brave;
Amidst his torture he could triumph more,
By fearing not the prospect of the grave!

Religion, brightest daughter of the sky,
Shed o'er his mind her best, her holiest balm;
She check'd each murm'ring, each impatient cry,
And gave to hours of grief a peaceful calm.

Last in the train of fell disease, came death:
But no wild terrors with its pang were giv'n;
In peace with all the world, he lost his breath,
And sought eternal blessedness in heav'n!

Here let us pause, my friend!—the tender tears
That fall upon his grave, *he* needeth not:
Still must *thy* bosom feel, whose hopes and fears
So anxiously have watch'd his earthly lot.

But *he* is happy!—Let that cheering thought
Check ev'ry selfish sigh thy breast may know:
He lives in realms with endless glory fraught,
Realms quite unknown to earthly want and woe.

Look on the gentle partner of thy cares;
Look on the children of thy tend'rest love;
She ev'ry sorrow of thy bosom shares;
They will thine age's purest comfort prove.

Live then for them; support thine aching heart;
Let mild religion aid time's healing pow'r:

So shalt thou learn with earthly joys to part,
And look, with longing hope, to heav'n's bright hour!

E'en while I write, perhaps, the last fond care
That can be paid on earth to his remains,
'Tis thine to pay*:—thy hope seems buried there,
And life's sad duties seem a load of chains.

Yet live, my friend! if but to praise the life
Of him thou mournest now within the tomb—
Loved, lost, lamented Leonard! Check the strife
Of nature's feelings for his early doom.

But, oh! I wish not that thou shouldst forget
What Leonard was!—No; let his virtues dwell
For life within thy mind, till nature's debt
'Tis thine to pay, and quit this earthly cell.

Meanwhile, o'er Leonard's dark and narrow home,
Rear the plain tomb; and there record his fate,
That those who to his early grave shall come,
May read, lament, depart, and imitate.

EPITAPH.

In life he was what all should strive to be:
To vice or pride he bent no willing knee;
With plain sincerity his friends he met;
With pity's tear-drops oft his eyes were wet;
From mis'ry's wants he ne'er withheld his mite;
Whilst truth and honour led his footsteps right:
Such Leonard was in life; and when disease
Shut out all hope, and bade life's current freeze,
He pined not, murmur'd not, at Heav'n's high will,
But with religious hope look'd forward still:
He linger'd long, but calmly kiss'd the rod;
In peace with man he died, and sought his God!

Here let us close, O Muse! our scene of woe!—
Farewell, my friend! I wish thee peace and health,
Yet to fulfil thy duties here below;
And wishing those, I wish thee life's best wealth.

* He was buried on the day this was written.

THEATRICAL PORTRAIT*

Of JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, Esq.

By John Taylor, Esq.

To close in order due our long career,
See Kemble march majestic and severe;
Fraught with uncommon pow'rs of form and face,
He comes the pomp of tragedy to grace.
Fertile in genius, and matur'd by art,
Not soft to steal, but stern to seize, the heart,
In mould of figure, and in frame of mind,
To him th' heroic sphere must be assign'd.
August or daring, he adorns the stage:
The gloomy subtlety, the savage rage,
The scornful menace, and the cynic ire,
The hardy valour, and the patriot fire—
These shew the vigour of a master's hand,
And o'er the feelings give him firm command;
As *Richard*, *Timon*, and *Macbeth* proclaim,
Or stern *Coriolanus'* nobler aim.
Nor fierce alone, for well his powers can shew
Calm declamation and attemper'd woe:—
The virtuous *Duke* who sway awhile declines,
Yet checks the *Deputy's* abhorr'd designs,
And, in the sov'reign or the saintly guise,
Benevolently just, and meekly wise:
The *Dane*, bewailing now a father's fate,

* This character of Mr. Kemble is extracted from a Poem entitled *The Stage*, published in the year 1795, when he was in the meridian of his powers.

Now deeply pond'ring man's mysterious state;
Tender and dignified, alike are seen—
The philosophic mind and princely mien.
When merely tender, he appears too cold;
Or rather fashion'd in too rough a mould:
Nor fitted love in softer form to wear,
But stung with pride, or mad'ning with despair,
As when the lost *Octavian's* murmurs flow
In full luxuriance of romantic woe.
Yet where *Orlando* cheers desponding age,
Or the sweet wiles of *Rosalind* engage,
We own, that manly graces finely blend
The tender lover and the soothing friend.
Though Nature was so prodigally kind
In the bold lineaments of form and mind,
As if to check a fond excess of pride,
The pow'rs of voice she scantily supplied:
Oft, when the hurricanes of passion rise,
For correspondent tones he vainly tries;
To aid the storm, no tow'ring note combines,
And the spent breath th' unequal task declines:
Yet, spite of nature, he compels us still
To own the potent triumph of his skill,
While, with dread pauses, deepen'd accents roll,
Whose awful energies arrest the soul.
At times, perchance, the spirit of the scene,
Th' impassion'd accent, and impressive mien,
May lose their wonted force, while, too refin'd,
He strives by niceties to strike the mind:
For action too precise inclin'd to pore,
And labour for a point unknown before;
Untimely playing thus the critic's part,
To gain the head, when he should smite the heart.
Yet still must candour, on reflection, own
Some useful comment had been shrewdly shewn:
Nor here let puny malice vent its gall,
And texts with skill restor'd *new readings* call:
KEMBLE for actors nobly led the way,
And prompted them to think as well as play.
With cultur'd sense, and with experience sage,
Patient he cons the time-disfigur'd page:
Hence oft we see him with success explore,
And clear the dross from rich poetic ore;
Trace, through the maze of diction, Passion's clew,
And open latent character to view.
Though for the Muse of Tragedy design'd,
In form, in features, passions, and in mind,
Yet would he fain the Comic Nymph embrace,
Who seldom without awe beholds his face.
Whene'er he tries the airy and the gay,
Judgment, not genius, marks the cold essay:
But in a graver province he can please
With well-bred spirit, and with manly ease.
When genuine wit, with satire's active force,
And faithful love pursues its gen'rous course,
There in his *Valentine* might Congreve view
Th' embodied portrait, vig'rous, warm, and true.
Nor let us, with unhallow'd touch, presume
To pluck one sprig of laurel from the tomb;
Yet, with due rev'rence for the mighty dead,
'Tis just the fame of living worth to spread:
And could the noblest vet'rans now appear,
KEMBLE might keep his state, devoid of fear;
Still, while observant of his proper line,
With native lustre as a rival shine.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.